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FIRST MOON OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Uplift me, Luna, to thy car,
I fain would ride with thee,
To hear the things that thou dost hear
And see what thou dost see;
And whisper to the evening-star
That closely by thy side,
With such a confidential air,
Along thy course doth glide.

Uplift me, Luna, to thy car,
For in my cradle-day
I fondly stretch'd my arms, and thought
With thy bright disc to play;
Say, hast thou not within thy sphere
Some better hopes and joys
Than those that bind our spirits here
To fleeting flowers and toys?

Uplift me, Luna, to thy car,
Oh Night's resplendent queen!
Who mak'st cold-blooded winter smile
At thy delightful mien;
With beard and whiskers snowy white,
In patriarchal state,
He sitteth in his great arm-chair
Before the blazing grate.

Uplift me, Luna, to thy car,
And let me learn of thee
Defects in others to conceal
With Heaven's own tracery;
And how to make dark places plain,
And cheer the lowliest claim,
And pencil on the midnight pane
The glorious Maker's name.

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1st, 1862.

ST. REGIS HALL.

A TALE OF TRYON COUNTY IN 1777.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "THE HARLOW ESTATE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"It's mighty bad news, Josh; dis ere 'bout Buggyne, and the riglars, and Ingins, and all dat—mighty bad and scarish. I hare young Massa Fred. tell his fader dis affernoon, and dey bofe shake dere heads berry much, 'ticularly the old man."

"Who's Bogyne, Uncle Luke? An Injin?"

"No, boy. He's a great English gin'ral, jist come over 'spressly to settle dis ere war."

"Settle it, hay?"

"Yes; and he's brought de hul English army wid him, and two or tree hundred thousand Injins from Cannydy, and dey gwine to kill all de Mericanes, and take dere scallups over to King George."

"Golly," said Josh, laying his hand upon his wool with an air of great alarm. "How soon dey be here?"

"'Spected every minute."

"Gosh, Uncle Luke, wh—what shall we do?"

"Fight, that's what we must do. So Massa Fred. says, and I'm ready for one; I'm an old soger, you know, and you're big enough to do millenary duty now; you're most sixteen. What's the matter wid you? Are you 'fraid?"

"N—no, I aint afraid of anybody of my size; but the hull English army and all dem sabbages is awful, Uncle Luke."

"Well, but there's Gin'ral Gates and his army; Massa Fred. says p'r'aps he'll raise a company an' jine dat; and dey's mighty glad to take 'spectable colored folks right in the ranks alongside de white men."

"Oh, dey is, hay?"

"Yes, and give 'em de same pay, too."

"Well, dat's what I call fair."

"Course it is. I aint afraid. You know I was out in '58 and '59."

"Out of what?" said Josh, to whom this phrase, caught up by Luke from his military master, was quite unintelligible.

"Wal, out of a good many tings," replied the elder negro, laughing, "'ticularly money. But what I mean to say is, I was in de war in 1758 and 1759. You know dat; I offen tell you 'bout dat."

"Oh, yes, I know—de old war between de English and French, when dey fit for Cannydy."

"Yes—I was out under Abbycromby, you know."

"Yes, I ought to know—I hare it offen enough——"

"And under Gin'ral Wolfe."

"Yes, yes——"

"I was in de boats dat went down de river in de night; I climbed up de hill wid de odder soldiers jis afore daybreak to de plains ob Abraham."

"Abraham who?"

"Well, I don't know exac'ly, but 'twas a terrible steep place to climb up in de dark—and some on us tumble back two t'ree times."

"Didn't you lose your gun?"

"Well, some of us didn't hab no guns. I was one of dat kind, I was. I carried some of Massa Major's 'coutrements and tings. But we got up."

"Yes."

Notwithstanding Josh's impatient assurances that he had heard the story of "The Plains of Abraham" often enough, the garrulous Luke persisted in repeating, at great length, the account of what he had seen and heard on that eventful day, and especially the feats of personal bravery of his master, Major Barton, who had led a battalion of the "Royal Americans," and whose valor had been unsurpassed, unless by the heroic Wolfe himself.

Of that immortal chieftain, whose name has since become a synonym for all that is noble and chivalric in war, of his wounds and his glorious death on the battle-field, with the notes of victory ringing in his ears, the negro could not say enough; for he had personally witnessed events the recital of which has since thrilled the world with admiration. Nor did Luke fail to pay, in his rude way, a tribute of respect to the French commander, the valiant Montcalm, who fell in that great struggle, leaving a name only second to that of his young conqueror, with whose parting spirit his own took its flight to another world.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1862, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

A FAIR BUT FRIGHTENED PATRIOT

Notwithstanding the staleness of the story to the listener, he could not fail to be interested by the animated manner of the narrator, and by his many emphatic and singular gestures, in which the hoe he wielded was made to play no unimportant part. Like the Ancient Mariner, Luke was bound to tell his story through, when once he had begun it, and like him he could say (at least of poor Josh):

> "That moment that his face I see,
> I know the man that must hear me."

"Well, den—dey *took* Quebec?" said Josh, after a short pause.

"Course dey did—and ever so many prisoners—and ever so much ammynition, and cannons, and guns."

"And dat's all?"

"Yes, dat about ended de war in dis country. Arter a while de French guv up all Cannydy, and dere was peace. King George he was mighty tickled, and gave all de officers heaps of money, and pensions, and one ting anoder, and buried Ginral Wolfe in *Westchester* Abbey, which must a been a mighty satisfaction to *him*, you know."

"Ob course."

"And Massa Major—de king guv him ten tousand acres of land out here dat didn't belong to him, but de ole Injun chiefs around here dey agreed to it, and all signed de deed wid picters of rattlesnakes and mud turtles, and dey all got dreffful drunk, and would a signed off de whole valley of de Mohawk for anoder bottle of whiskey."

"Did *dey* own de land, dem Injins?"

"Wal—de white folks told 'em so; though dey never dreamed of such a thing as ownin' land before de white folks come. But dey sold it mighty cheap; ony dey said Massa must name de place affer one of dere tribes; and so he named it affer de St. Regis tribe, coz dat was de purtiest name."

"And was *dat* how dis house came for to be St. Regis Hall?"

"Yes, dat was de way."

"How much did Massa Major pay dem Injins?"

"Oh, he guv 'em a bar'l or two of whiskey, and a suit of regimintals to two or tree ob de chiefs. Dey were awful fond of regimintals, wid de epperlets, and de sash and sword. Sometimes dey would go about in warm wedder wid hardly nothing on but a cocked hat and a pair of epperlets."

"And dat de way Massa Major got so rich?"

"Yes; King George didn't know how much dat land was going to be worth, or he'd held on to it heself."

"Do you think so, Luke?" said a third party, who had approached unobserved, and who proved to be one of the objects of the negro's eulogy.

"Hey, Massa Major, dat you?" said Luke, glancing at his idle tools and his unfinished work. "I jis tellin' dis boy somepin about de old war."

Major Barton was a man of soldierly mien, maintaining his erect carriage and military deportment at the age of fifty as perfectly as when, nearly twenty years before, he had bravely led his battalion to victory on the plains of Abraham. His extreme height would have done credit even to a Vermont volunteer of the present day, while his width of chest and shoulders, the solidity and symmetry of his limbs, and his full, rotund and ruddy face, all proclaimed him yet to be in the fullest possession of his physical powers. Father Time had not, however, allowed him to escape all proof of his power, for the once raven locks of the Major, although undiminished in profusion, had whitened around his temples, and he bore a snowy circlet more befitting the age of three score and ten than his middle stage of life.

He smiled benignly on the apologetic negro, and replied, with good nature:

"We're not going to have much time to talk about *old* wars now, Luke. This new war is like to be all about us this summer, and we shall be obliged to take part in it whether we will or no."

"Massa Major don't mean to fight heself, I s'pose."

"I would not have believed, two years ago," said Major Barton, rather thinking aloud than [illegible] ever have taken up arms against my sovereign. I have hoped it would not become necessary. But what else remains, when so barbarous and merciless a warfare is waged against my country; when hordes of murderous savages are turned loose upon us, threatening extermination to our people, and carrying havoc through all our pleasant places. In such a war as impends over the valley of the Mohawk, and the upper valley of the Hudson, it is impossible for a citizen of this land, who regards honor and humanity, to take sides against his country; it is equally impossible to remain neutral."

The negroes had listened intently to this half soliloquy, with the hope of extracting its meaning; but when the Major ceased speaking, Luke, though not a little puzzled as to the purport of the language, nodded his head knowingly towards Josh, whose thick lips had parted widely, and whose distended eyes were fastened with an expression of awe upon his master.

"You can leave this work now, and go to the Ridge, and tell the boys I want them all at the Hall before dark, *with their guns*, and see that your own are in order."

"Golly, Massa! are you goin' to start tonight?"

"Nonsense, Luke—no! But there are some bad rumors afloat, and although they are probably untrue, we cannot be too much on our guard in times like these."

"I—I hope Bloody Guy aint a comin' this way," said Luke, as he dropped his hoe, and put on his coat, preparatory to obeying his master's orders.

"Frederick brings word that a band of—of loyalists and Indians committed great havoc last night about a dozen miles below, and that they were on their way to meet St. Leger and Sir John Johnson, at Fort Stanwix, and would pass through this neighborhood. General Herkimer has sent out scouts to watch for them, but as nothing has yet been reported we hope the rumor is false, or that they may have taken some other route. Don't frighten the boys now with stories of a great army, or they will be running off and deserting us. Just tell them I want them all here, with their guns, before dark."

"If dey mean harm dey won't come until pretty late, Massa Major, when dey tink you all asleep," replied Luke, as he hurried off, followed by the younger negro.

Mr. Barton was one of the very few colonists who had held commissions in the "Seven Years' War," and like some others of that small number who were living at the commencement of the Revolution, his position was peculiarly unpleasant. His first instincts, strengthened by his military education, were those of entire loyalty to the sovereign under whom he had served with distinction, and from whom he had received no small rewards. Yet he was possessed of too much intelligence not to perceive the justness of his country's cause, and the long suffering with which the American people had borne actual oppression and grievous national wrong.

How patiently they had endured it; how mildly, calmly, manfully they had remonstrated against it; how anxious they had been for a long while for a reconciliation with the parent government, and how they had sought independence only reluctantly, and as a last resort, all this Major Barton well knew.

If his honor and sense of duty kept him loyal at heart, even for many months after the provincial congress had made the startling claim of independence, his sympathies were still with his afflicted fellow-countrymen. Hoping for a speedy settlement of the great quarrel, he had forborne to take an active part in it, and had for a while half appeased the conflicting emotions of his heart by a strict neutrality. It is due, however, to this upright man to say that his inaction was solely the result of a sense of duty, and was not maintained out of regard to expediency. He well knew that as a belligerent on either side, his large estates would be liable to confiscation if his party should prove unsuccessful; but he was ready cheerfully to encounter this risk whenever the path of rectitude was plain before him.

His immediate neighbors, most of whom had espoused the patriot cause, appreciated his position, and gave him full credit for that entire integrity of purpose, which, on all other points, had ever marked his conduct. He was personally popular among them; he was known to be humane and benevolent, as well as just, and there were few of his acquaintances less affluent than himself, who had not in one way or another received some pleasant proofs of his generosity.

Of course, they longed for his open espousal of their cause, and hailed with delight every evidence of his approximation to their principles.

The leading loyalists of the Valley, or tories as they were more usually styled, prominent among whom were Sir John Johnson and Col. Guy Johnson, were, of course, glad to claim him as one of their party; and although suspicious of his fealty to the crown, they were not disposed to take any steps which would precipitate a man of such large influence into the ranks of their avowed enemies.

It was owing partly to this circumstance, but probably in a greater degree to the belief that his large, castle-like stone house was well supplied with the means of defence, that Major Barton had thus far escaped attack from the roving bands of tories and Indians, whose raids upon the patriot settlements were becoming a matter of alarming frequency.

The whigs or patriots were not the only sufferers by these fearful visitations, for all suspected persons, and occasionally even well known loyalists, whose property tempted the cupidity of these lawless hordes, were liable to become the victims of their rapacity. That they acted, if not at all times under the direction of military leaders, yet by some hostile authority, or sanction, became apparent from the fact that prisoners of note were frequently carried into Canada to be exchanged for British prisoners in the American camp.

The fertile and romantically beautiful region of which we write, although at that time very thinly settled, was, by no means, unsupplied with strongholds for the defence of its population. A chain of small forts dotted the whole valley of the Mohawk, at irregular intervals from fort Stanwix at the head of that river, to its junction with the Hudson at Half Moon Point, now the beautiful village of Waterford.

Some of these defences had been built during the war between France and England, which broke out in 1755; and had become more or less dilapidated during the long interval of peace which had ensued since the treaty of 1763. Others were mere dwelling houses of stone or brick, which from their size, strength and position admitted of being made defensible against a considerable force, if unsupplied with artillery.

Some of these forts were entirely ungarrisoned, excepting when an alarm of one of the dreaded raids drove the adjacent populace with their most valuable effects, to seek shelter within them. Those whose harder fortune placed them beyond the reach of these cities of refuge, and others less distant whose effects were too numerous to be transported, and too valuable to be deserted, fortified themselves at home as best they could, and with the aid of such friends and servants as they could call around them, either made good their stand, or endured the direst catastrophes of a most bloody war.

The settlement of which Major Barton's house formed a part, and of which it had been the nucleus, had thus far enjoyed an exemption from attack, and it was probable that this immunity was owing in some degree to his presence.

On several occasions rumors of an invasion had spread terror among the villagers and the adjacent farmers, many of whom had sought protection at the Hall, rather than attempt to gain the more distant fort.

Shelter and hospitality were freely accorded to them at such times, and this course served at once to attach the people more warmly to the Major, and to draw suspicion of disloyalty upon him. He received several threatening letters, which, although anonymous, he was able to trace with something like certainty to the powerful and dangerous leaders of the Tory party in Tryon County, Sir John and Col. Guy Johnson.

But the events of the last few months had gradually wrought that change in Mr. Barton's mind which had culminated in the resolution we have just heard him declare, and which he had already intimated to his friend and not distant neighbor, General Herkimer.

The American Declaration of Independence had aroused the British Government to the exercise of new vigor in the prosecution of the war, and the campaign of 1777 had been opened with extraordinary and boding preparations.

Burgoyne had landed in Canada, and at the head of a large army of British, Hessians, and Indians, had set out upon that threatening expedition down the lakes Champlain and George, by which he purposed, after subjugating the adjacent regions, and the whole valley of the Hudson, to join his victorious legions to those of General Howe in New York.

The colonies, thus divided midway as it were, and kept from co-operation, it was believed would be afterwards easily and speedily reduced to submission.

As part of this ominous programme, a branch expedition was to descend from Canada at a point farther west, to attack and reduce Fort Stanwix at the head of the Mohawk river, and after conquering the whole of that beautiful and nearly defenceless valley, to join Burgoyne at Albany

The barbarous feature in these expeditions, and the one which awakened the greatest terror of the patriots, and their most intense loathing against the British Government, was its employment of savage allies, whose mode of warfare spared no age, sex or condition.

Colonel St. Leger, who had command of the expedition against Fort Stanwix, had descended from Oswego, where he had aroused and incited his large [illegible], and Sir John Johnson, with many loyalists and Indians from Tryon County, had hastened to meet and swell his ranks.

The atrocities already perpetrated by the Indians, and their adoption into the English army, were the causes of many a hitherto loyal heart taking sides with the oppressed and hunted patriots, and it had finally decided the humane Major Barton to this course. Having openly avowed his new principles, he knew that he could no longer calculate on the forbearance of the party which he must now regard as his enemies, and for this reason he was making unusual preparations to guard against the attack which impended over the settlement.

CHAPTER II

After [illegible]atching Luke to summon his fellow servants from one of his adjoining farms, Major Barton returned to his house, and the increased activity and bustle which he observed as he apapproached it, convinced him that some new reasons for apprehension existed. His son hastened to meet him, with tidings which certainly were not a little startling.

"One of the scouts has just come in," he said, "with word that several hundreds of Johnson's men are in sight from Prospect Hill, and are coming this way; and he thinks they have one or two pieces of artillery."

It was in marked contrast with the rapid speech and excited air of young Barton that the father after a moment's reflection calmly replied:

"He is probably mistaken about the artillery. If they are *en route* for Fort Stanwix, they would not be likely to encumber themselves with cannon, with which St. Leger's army is well supplied."

"It may be intended for use here."

"Not probable. There is not a house in the settlement that is proof against a musket ball except mine; and I hardly think they would pay me the compliment of an exclusive bombardment. However, if they have not more than one gun, we shall not be ill-matched in that respect. There's the old swivel with which we have so often celebrated the Peace of '63."

"Without a solitary ball."

"Mistaken, Fred.; the General sent me three dozen rounds from Fort Herkimer this morning. He has been on the lookout for these chaps for some days—though he thought they would pass up on the other side of the river, and I don't now think they will trouble us. Where is your messenger?"

"He hurried on to alarm the neighbors."

"Alarm them? He might have spared his pains, for most of them have been frightened out of their wits for the last four hours."

"But we must do something."

"Oh yes; we have several good hours yet," said the Major, taking out a cigar and calling to a servant for a coal; "several hours, and in that time we can make good all the means of defence which we have, just as effectually as if we had a day for it. I really do not think," he added, lighting his weed, "that if Sir John had sent us a note early this morning to say that he would have the honor of attacking us soon after dark to-night, we could have been any better prepared than we shall be."

"But how do you know they will not be here before dark?"

"There are Indians among them, Fred.—more than half their number probably, and the night is their day. They never expose themselves needlessly to the aim of a rifle or musket."

"Well if you are in no hurry, here are plenty of people who are," replied the son pointing down the street. "See where they come."

"I have been looking for them; of course the alarm sends them here like so many frightened sheep. But they are quite welcome and we will do what we can to protect them and to teach them to protect themselves. There is strength in union."

"I wonder they don't start for the fort."

"It is too far, and they are far too much frightened to risk being overtaken on the way. Besides they might find little Fort Herkimer filled before they reached it, as was once the case before, when many were obliged to fly to the woods."

"Some quite prefer that course," replied Frederick. "Old Brown, the cooper, who is a cripple, you know, says he would rather trust to the woods than to any fort. He and his family can carry most of their few effects; and as to his solid log house, it would be difficult for the Indians to burn it down, and not much loss if they did."

The fugitives who were seen approaching, although chiefly women and children, included many able-bodied men, and were from that part of the settlement which the scout had traversed before reaching Mr. Barton's house.

All being on the alert, and in dread of an attack, they had prepared for it by hiding part of their few valuables in the earth, and gathering the remainder together ready to take with them in their expected flight. At the approach of the flying horseman, waving a flag which he carried for a signal, they had hastily started, not knowing until the scout drew nearer how close the foe might be, or how rapid might be his descent upon them.

It was a melancholy spectacle; for among the approaching company were some aged and infirm people, whose tottering frames were upheld by their more vigorous relatives—while the terrified children added by their cries to the distress of parents who sought in vain to quiet them.

Most of the party were on foot; for many who had better means of transportation had availed themselves of them to seek the more distant and safer refuge which the fort was supposed to afford.

Notwithstanding the alacrity which Mr. Barton had shown during former less portentous alarms, to shelter his fellow townsmen, they manifested some uncertainty of a favorable reception now, and the first who came up, a citizen named Price, who acted as a sort of marshal to the straggling band, rode up to where the expectant Major, still placidly smoking his cigar, awaited their arrival, and said:

"Shall I bring these people here, Major Barton; or must they go further? I fear we shall bring an attack upon you, if we stop."

"Fear nothing for me," was the prompt reply. "Let all come who will, and I will certainly do my best to defend them."

"Nobly said," returned the first speaker, who was a tall, stalwart man, in middle life; "we are not all non-combatants, you perceive, for here are a good dozen stout hearts and strong hands; and every man is fully armed."

Signalling his followers, who had halted, and were awaiting, with breathless anxiety, the result of this brief colloquy, they hastily turned from the highway and entered the large gateway which stood hospitably open; all pressing forward in as disorderly haste as if the enemy were already close upon them.

"The blessing of those who are ready to perish be upon you," said a mother, who with an infant in her arms, and a child of three years clinging to her dress, passed their chivalric defender.

"Got pless ter major!" cried an old man, as he hobbled by, stopping long enough to give [illegible] to his words, by flourishing his sturdy cane above [illegible] smiles and tears of gratitude glanced voicelessly at the general benefactor as they hurried past him to gain the interior of the house, and take the places assigned to them by other members of the family.

Scarcely had the last of the troupe passed through the gate, when others began to make their appearance from the opposite or western side of the settlement.

They came in smaller parties, those who lived nearest to the Hall, and who had received the earliest warning, being the first to reach the place of refuge, while the more distant villagers were later in arriving, yet came with the more headlong haste. Many rushed across the lots, climbing the fences, lifting the fainting females, and in some instances frantically pitching the screaming children over, to land terrified yet unhurt on the ploughed soil of the opposite field. None came empty handed; all were laden with some valuable treasure which they were anxious to save from the destroyer, and which they dared not even commit to the safe-keeping of mother earth.

Mr. Barton received them cordially and with a cheerful and encouraging air, which went far to inspirit the fugitives, some of whom thronged around him to ascertain his views of the impending danger. As the negroes had by this time returned, and had brought their weapons with them, the Major found his force by no means contemptible, and with so many hands anxious to be employed, he was able very rapidly to complete the few defences of which his position was capable.

Doors and windows were barricaded; hot water was prepared in great quantities, ready, if the assailants should storm the building, to be poured upon them by those who could use no more effective weapons, and some of the more resolute women eagerly collected large stones and carried them into the upper rooms for a similar use.

The swivel, however, was justly considered the most formidable auxiliary of the little party, and it became a matter of debate where it could be used most advantageously.

To raise a breastwork of logs and stones in front or beside the Hall, and plant the gun upon it, would have been a task easy of accomplishment, and this was thought by some the most proper thing to do. But a little reflection convinced the Major that it was not the safest course.

"I do not believe, Captain Price," he said, "that there is a tithe of the courage in that rascally rabble, which would be necessary to storm even so small a battery and take it from us; but if Guy Johnson is among them I might be mistaken, and with so great a disproportion of force we could not afford to lose our cannon, much less to have it turned against us."

Captain Price had earned his title as a militia officer, in times of peace, and had never seen service, but he was esteemed as a brave and sensible man, and had not joined that portion of the Tryon county volunteers who were now strengthening the hands of Colonel Gansevoort in Fort Stanwix, only because it had been necessary that some of the more resolute citizens should remain at home for the protection of the little community against such raids as that which now threatened them.

The number, however, of these Home guards was miserably small; they were too scattered to admit of any prompt rendezvous, and in the present sudden and formidable invasion, they could do nothing more than to escort the defenceless members of the community to the forts, and fight for them there, with the painful prospect, even if their lives were saved, of seeing their dwellings fired, and their cattle and sheep fall a prey to the rapacious foe.

Captain Price was a farmer of considerable means, and on him the blow was like to fall with severity.

"We ought not to have been caught in such a plight as this," he said, without directly replying to Barton; "our men have volunteered too freely for garrison service, and we so directly on the valley route from Johnstown, the head-quarters of Toryism, to Fort Stanwix."

"Yet Stanwix is a most important point to hold," replied the Major; "if it falls, there is nothing to stay the tide of desolation which will sweep this whole valley of the Mohawk, like the besom of destruction. How many now silent loyalists do you suppose would rise to greet the victorious arms of St. Leger, and swell his triumphant ranks! How many now skulking Indians would join their brethren of the Six Nations, who are already gathered beneath his banner, panting for carnage and plunder!"

"True, Colonel Gansevoort has no more men than he needs, and the prospect is not a particularly bright one on either side. *However*——" This adverb formed a favorite ejaculation of Captain Price, and stood for a great deal of indefinite qualification of all that preceded it. It was generally used without any design of giving further expression to the idea which it represented.

"And now, Mr. Price, about our pet gun. I think we must take it inside and plant it before a second story window, where we can mask it with the blinds until the time comes for it to speak. I do not want to invite an attack by seeming to expect it, for it may suit Johnson's plan to treat me still as a neutral."

"He will be most likely to do that if he sees you prepared to act as a belligerent. However——"

"Perhaps not, if his force is as large as reported, but at all events I will not assume a defiant attitude. Will you take charge of the hoisting of the gun?"

"Most certainly."

"Luke will find ropes or chains for you, as may best suit your purpose."

Price proceeded to put the major's plans in execution, and with the aid of his many willing assistants, the swivel was soon elevated to the second story of the house, and a staging of logs was built up to support it and bring it on a level with the window sill. The apartment in which it was placed was a large square room, the corner windows of which were but a few feet apart, and the platform of logs was so constructed that the cannon could readily be brought to bear out of either window, as the exigencies of the anticipated battle might require. The Hall fronted towards the north, and the little battery being in the east chamber, it commanded the approaches to the building by which an attacking party would most naturally come.

CHAPTER III.

While these preparations were making by a part of his force, Mr. Barton gave his attention to other means of defence, and although all around him was alarm and hasty action, his own movements continued so calm and deliberate, that some of his frightened guests greatly feared that he did not appreciate the danger, or was not sufficiently vigilant and active in preparing to meet it.

"Lord o' massy!" exclaimed a terrified old lady, whose spectacles had been shaken down to the end of her nose by her tremors, and whose eyes were widely dilated with alarm; "what *does* the man mean by walking about like that, with his segar in his mouth, and talking jest for all the world as if he was only expectin' company to tea. I haven't any patience with him! A great soldier he must be."

[illegible] other, "but I guess he don't know much about Injin fightin'."

"Major Barton! Major Barton!" exclaimed a very pale but very pretty young lady, rushing up to him in the greatest alarm; "they are coming! they are already in sight! Mr. Sikes says——"

"Never mind what Mr. Sikes says, my dear; the enemy is not yet in sight, and we shall have full twenty minutes' notice of their arrival if they come before dark, which I think they will not do."

Miss Hale smiled faintly as she replied, somewhat abashed:

"Excuse me, sir—of course you know best; but mother is very much frightened, and——"

"And your mother's daughter is very much frightened, too, Miss Fanny," said Mr. Barton, smiling; "but I am commander of this fort, and you must trust to my vigilance. I have not been asleep, I assure you. Come this way."

He gave the young lady his arm, and leading her a little farther from the building, pointed up to the observatory.

"Do you see any one up there?"

"Oh, yes, sir," exclaimed Miss Fanny, now coloring deeply, "I see your son, Mr. Frederick Barton."

"What has he in his hand?"

"A spyglass, sir."

"And he is looking down the river road with it, is he not, Miss Fanny?"

"Yes, sir."

"And occasionally in other directions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Fanny, that is a powerful glass, and Augustus has good eyes, and you may depend upon it, neither Mr. Sikes nor any one else will see the enemy before he does. He has been at his post there for the last half hour, and will remain there until this time to-morrow, unless I order him down."

"I really beg your pardon, sir."

"Not at all, Fanny, but you may go and allay your good mother's fears, and then, if you please, return to me, as I have some service to put you on, also."

"*Me*, sir?" said the young lady, with a look of surprise and pleasure.

"Yes—I will give you a lesson in scraping lint and preparing bandages, that you may teach some of these other women the art, and set them at work."

"Lint and bandages!" exclaimed Fanny, again turning very pale. "Why, is any body hurt?"

"Not yet, Fanny, but if our visitors should be unkind enough to fire a few hundred bullets at us to-night, it is quite possible, you see, that somebody might be shot."

"Oh, we shall certainly all be killed, sir."

"That's highly improbable, Fanny, and as it is the worst possible view of the case, I would not advise you to entertain it."

"But really—oh, my dear mother and sweet little Livvy—oh, what shall we do?"

The mention of lint, bandages and bullets had so worked upon the young lady's lively imagination, that she seemed ready to swoon with terror.

"Why, Fanny," replied the major, smiling, "you certainly did not think that these people were coming here to play at cricket with us, or to have a game of leap-frog."

"Oh, no, sir, but——"

"If their views are hostile, as we apprehend, they will certainly shoot at us, and most probably somebody will be wounded—perhaps somebody will be killed—*perhaps all, Fanny*," added the major, now with an added tone of solemnity; "perhaps all will either be killed or made prisoners. But pray let me see you set an example of courage and calmness. So shall we all be better able either to avert the evil or bear it with Christian fortitude."

"I will certainly try, sir," replied Fanny Hale, "and I am much obliged to you for your advice. I will go and return in a few minutes."

Miss Hale was the daughter of a retired lawyer and judge, who had nobly responded to the call of his country by raising and equipping at his own cost a company of volunteers, with whom he was now serving at Fort Stanwix. The claims of his family upon their fellow citizens for protection were of course, under such circumstances, very strong, and yet they were by no means peculiar, as not a few others of the women and children present had been temporarily deprived of their natural protectors in the same manner.

The young lady soon returned, and announced her readiness to enter upon the duty assigned to her; and although still pale, she had overcome her trepidation of voice and manner, and gave evidence that the counsels of her friend had not been disregarded.

"I have to wait a few minutes here for the return of one of my black lieutenants," said Major Barton, "and then we will go to Mrs. Barton, and I can give you and her all necessary directions for hospital duty in a very few words; fortunately we are not without a surgeon in our heterogeneous garrison, who must be spared from duty as a combatant if his professional services should be needed."

"Oh, you mean Dr. Rubel," replied Fanny, laughing; "a pretty surgeon, to be sure! I should not like to trust a friend of mine to his charge."

"Why, Fanny, he stands very high——"

"And very crooked, too," replied Miss Hale, who had quite caught the major's air of *insouciance* and cheerfulness. "I know he claims to be six feet and three inches when he stands upright, which I do not believe he ever did."

The military man was pleased with a criticism which indirectly flattered his own erect and noble carriage, for it really takes very little to gratify the vanity of even the best and most sensible of our weak race.

"Rubel is considered quite skilful in his profession," he rejoined, "although he is awkward and eccentric, and sometimes inexcusably absent-minded, but he is a dexterous and rapid operator. He was an assistant army surgeon last year in one of the New England regiments, and saw considerable practice, though to be sure he has the reputation of having been a little too fast in one piece of work."

"How so?"

"It was said that he took off the wrong leg of a wounded soldier, and on being shown his mistake, he said it was no matter, as he could quickly take off the other. I presume it is a slander, but the story illustrates his character."

"It is like him," said Fanny, laughing. "I shouldn't be at all surprised at any blunder of his."

Miss Hale spoke with an air which her companion fancied to imply some personal pique, and remembering that the subject of their discussion was a young unmarried man, he rejoined archly:

"I hope the doctor has not convicted himself of stupidity by proving insensible to the charms of our pretty Fanny."

The young lady colored deeply, as she replied:

"No; his mistakes have not been in *that* direction."

"Oh, ho! I see, then. If not in that direction, in the opposite, I suppose? He has been too presuming——"

"Enough of him, Major Barton, if you please. Surely, we have not so much time to spare."

"The sun is [illegible] an hour [illegible] Capt. Price reports everything in readiness——"

"I cannot believe, when I see you so calm, that any serious danger impends over us. But how fortunate that Elizabeth is absent; I have thought of her fifty times to-day."

"And I five hundred. Ah, let us rather say it is providential than fortunate. Dear Lizzie, I wish that her mother and yours and you were with her, Fanny."

The allusion to Major Barton's daughter betrayed him into a manifestation of apprehension in relation to the approaching peril which he had in no way before exhibited. His quick, emphatic speech and suddenly suffused eye recalled to Miss Hale all her former alarm, while at the same they added to her respect and affection for her friend and protector.

Miss Barton, like Fanny Hale, who was her schoolmate, playmate and friend, was a very young lady, neither being past seventeen, and Elizabeth yet lacking half a year of that still budding stage of womanhood.

They were the beauties of the neighborhood, quite beyond competition, and each was so fully impressed with the other's charms as implicitly to believe herself the inferior. Strangers would have decided according to their own temperament in awarding the palm of beauty between the fair friends, rather than by any actual superiority of either.

A man of poetical mind would probably have preferred the somewhat pensive expression which dark eyes and the longest of silken lashes imparted to the delicate and perfect contour of Miss Barton's face—while the more unmasked, clear blue eye of Fanny, her radiant complexion and the witching dimples in her plumper cheeks would have proved equally irresistible to less imaginative beholders.

Both were rather *petite*, yet Time had something still in store for them, in the way of height, and Elizabeth at least gave promise of attaining to that statuary standard which the world has accepted as the *juste milieu* of female proportions. Their mental and moral qualities it will be better to allow the natural course of our narrative to exhibit than to describe by any labored analysis.

When the sable messenger had returned and reported progress to the Major, the latter proceeded to conduct his young friend to the presence of Mrs. Barton, a middle-aged lady, stately and graceful, whom they found busily yet tremulously engaged, with the aid of female servants, in packing the family plate and other valuable articles in large trunks.

Having himself directed this to be done, in the exercise of a foresight which overlooked nothing, Mr. Barton of course expressed no surprise, but quietly remarked to Miss Hale:

"You see we are preparing to abdicate if necessary."

"But surely you have no intention of—of——"

"Of running away, you would say, I presume. Only as a last resort, I assure you; for I have no idea of being hunted through the woods by Indians, or of leaving my house to be plundered and destroyed. Still, as it is possible that we may be compelled to take to flight, it is best to be prepared."

"And you would take these things with you?"

"By no means. The boys are digging a place for them in the cellar, after an ingenious plan of Luke's, which I think would prevent their being found in any event."

"It's mighty little matter what 'comes of all dis ere, if we are all cotched by dem sabbages, Massa Barton," said the quavering voice of Aunt Molly, an old negro woman, as she lifted a silver soup-tureen from a sideboard and proceeded to envelop it for packing. "I rather be bilin' de water to pour on dere pesky heads dan dis, *I* would."

"Phillis has everything that can hold water filled and boiling already, Aunt Molly," was the reply. "There will be no lack on that score, if they should attempt an escalade."

"She's a orful smart gal, Phillis is, and she'll do her share of fightin' if it comes to dat. You'll see. She aint afeard of notting, dat gal aint."

"I wish all hands were like her, Aunt Molly," replied the Major, who was now engaged fastening one of the filled trunks. "There's Josh has turned almost white with fear, and Bet, they say, has really run away to the woods."

"Yes, yes—dey're children yet, massa; children will be scary."

Luke now came to report his vault ready, and the treasures were quickly removed to it. A stationary potato-bin had been emptied, its flooring removed, and an excavation made in the loose soil beneath it large enough to hold the trunks, which, being buried, everything was restored to its former position, and the loose earth carefully carried away, so that no trace of the ingenious work remained.

CHAPTER IV.

Major Barton had apt pupils in the humane duty of preparing for the relief of the wounded, and he lost but few minutes in giving all needful instructions to his wife and young Miss Hale. But as he turned to leave them, Mrs. Barton, who seemed to have been vainly trying to school herself to the composure befitting a soldier's wife, said to him in a very faint voice, and with moist eyes:

"Do you think there is no danger of—of——"

She could proceed no further, but sinking into a chair, she gave way to the most violent sobbing.

"My dear Lucy!" he said, "I know what it is that you are thinking of; I did not dare to mention it to you; but if it is——"

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" said the mother. "She may have started for home this afternoon, and her way leads directly past where *they* must be."

"Be calm, Lucy," replied the now agitated father. "I have thought of all this four hours ago, and although I did not attach much importance then to the rumors, I sent Ned on my fleetest horse with a letter to Elizabeth, telling her not to come home until I sent for her, and to turn back if she had already started."

"Thank God for that! Why did not you tell me before, and save me this anxiety?"

"Because I did not know you were alarmed for her, and I did not wish to awaken your fears."

"But when he returned—you should have told me *then*. What did she say? What did she write?"

"I—I am looking momentarily for Ned's return," was the reply, with an anxious and embarrassed air.

"Oh, he has not yet come! And it is four hours since he went? Something is wrong, then, Edward. Oh, my poor, dear child!"

"No, Lucy. The boy has only stopped to dinner. You know Aunt Rachel's hospitality, and what gormandizers those negroes are. Ned will take a full hour to dine, if not hurried."

"But he must certainly return very soon now if all is right. Pray go, Edward, and see if he is not coming."

Mr. Barton went out with far more anxiety than he would have been willing to acknowledge; but a lad whom he sent up to his son brought back word that there were no signs either of his messenger or the foe.

Miss Barton had been visiting for four or five days at the house of her maternal uncle, an old German farmer, who resided about eight or nine miles in a south-easterly direction from St. Regis Hall, and although she had allotted a full week for her stay, her parents would not have been much surprised at her either lessening or extending this term. Her father, although he had thought it prudent to dispatch a servant at mid-day with the warning of which he had spoken, had really entertained no serious uneasiness for his daughter until the scout had confirmed the morning's rumors by intelligence of the actual presence of an invading force within a few miles of the settlement. He was then in momentary expectation of his servant's return with news that Elizabeth was remaining safe at her uncle's, but every minute which had since elapsed, without these welcome tidings, had been one of painful suspense, relieved only by the necessity of an active and vigilant superintendence of the defences for the safety of the remainder of his family, and the friends who had sought their protection.

Mrs. Barton had been allowed to hear nothing of the day's rumors until they became too serious to be longer concealed, and then trying to think that no imminent danger threatened Elizabeth, and believing that nothing could be done to avert it if it did, she had abstained from communicating her fears to her husband from the same generous motives which had influenced him to silence. But her excitement overcame her prudence, and the mutual apprehensions of the parents had become known to each other at a time when every minute must naturally increase their intensity.

The sun had disappeared below the western horizon when the father, who anxiously paced the court in front of his house, was startled by a call from the observatory, which he was sure betokened news.

"What do you see, Frederick?" he asked, quickly, walking far enough out to obtain a full view of his son.

"A man on horseback, without hat or coat, coming like the wind."

"It's Ned, then; he went without either," shouted the father, in reply. "How far off is he?"

"About two miles; but he'll be here in five minutes at the rate he rides."

"The rascal is trying to make up for the time he has lost in loitering, I suppose; but it's all right if he only brings good news."

But when Ned reached the gateway, where, by this time, dozens of curious spectators had gathered to witness his approach, he proved to be nearly as breathless as his panting horse, and almost unable to articulate. His anxiety to vindicate himself for his delay was so great as to retard for some minutes the delivery of whatever intelligence he had brought.

"I went de long way round, Massa Major," he said; "up de valley road——"

"Yes."

"Cos I fraid o' meetin' de sabbages—I went de long way round, and de mare she loss a shoe——"

"Yes—never mind that. What of my daughter?"

"And I went de long way, and de mare loss a shoe, and tumbled mose down two tree times—so dat I didn't get to Massa Halmer's till affer four o'clock, else I'd a been dere sooner—cos——"

"Well, blockhead; you found it all right, did you?"

"Yes, massa, all right—oh, yes—on'y Massa Joab and Missy Lizabaf warn't dare!"

"Not there? What—what do you mean?"

"Cos dey hab jes started 'bout an hour before to come here, an' I s'pose dey got here fust before I, cos I stop at old Burdock's to get de mare shod, and I come back de long way—and——"

Major Barton raised his hand to his forehead, and staggered back a step or two as if from the effects of some material blow.

"She is lost!" he said. "My daughter! my darling! But I will go instantly to the rescue. Tell Luke to saddle Hunter for me, and to assemble the servants; in five minutes we will start, and let us see who of all that have sought my protection to-day stands ready to accompany us."

"There spoke the father, but not the soldier," said a voice at his side, and Mr. Barton turning, saw the lank, awkward figure of Doctor Rubel.

"What! are you the first to show the white feather, Doctor?" he asked. "I would not have thought it?"

"No, Major," was the good-natured reply, in a drawling tone; "if you go, I reckon I shall go with you. But, at the best, it is only to yield ourselves prisoners, without any hope of success. Besides, the chances are that Elizabeth hasn't been taken at all, but that they have discovered the danger and turned back. Then how foolish we should feel to give ourselves up for nothing. Don't you think so?"

"I believe you are right, and that my first duty lies here," replied the Major, with a heavy sigh. "I have no right to draw off this feeble garrison, and leave this defenceless flock a prey to the spoiler."

"I'd bet Miss Barton is safe under old Halmer's roof now," rejoined Rubel, "and if you'll give me a horse, I'll ride over there, across the fields, and be back here by nine o'clock."

"Thank you, Doctor; here comes Hunter in good time, and if you can bring me news of Lizzie's safety, you shall have such proof of my gratitude as you will not forget in a life time."

"Meaning herself, perhaps," thought Rubel as he rode off, too delighted with the contemplation of such a possibility, to entertain any dread of open or lurking foes who might beset his perilous path.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

IN THE NAME OF WOMAN!

AN APPEAL FOR OUR PRIVILEGES.

Hard times, these! The men are out of work and out of temper; the women are infected with the snarl-fever likewise—fret at their husbands, and box the children's ears, and sigh vainly because they haven't any money to buy the "great bargains" at all the shop-windows. Everything is at a stand-still except omnibuses and provisions, and there's no knowing how long they will keep on the move. Isn't it enough to set the very stones moralizing, when one reflects, as a necessary consequence of this dolorous state of things, that it is not man alone who suffers—man, who can take to digging and delving, or at worst, breaking stones on the highway—but woman, too! What's the use of that double-refined sort of education we have all been receiving? piano, French, wax-flowers, and the art of wearing rings on white fingers? We haven't patience to enumerate the nonsensical string of *ac-com-plish-ments!* One backwoods lassie, with skin like a butternut husk, and hands that can harness old Dobbin, toss hay, or dig a bushel of potatoes at need, is worth a dozen "fashionably educated young ladies."

Why don't the public grant our female population the meagre privilege of learning a trade? Would it make them too independent? would it be too irritating to the noble pride of man to feel that curls can take care of themselves without being reduced to the two miserable alternatives of making shirts at ten cents apiece, and getting married, thereby turning miscellaneous drudges for the rest of their lifetimes! Don't be deluded into any such kettle of fish, you poor little victims! If you must work, let it be for fair wages, not for cross words and crosser looks, with nothing but a wedding-ring to look at by way of consolation! But this does not help us out of the question at all—what are the women to do? Who's going to lend them a helping hand? No lack of cavalliers to pick up our fans as long as the sunshine lasts, but the moment we are in adversity there come cold shoulders, screwed-up mouths, and ominous shakings of the head. "O, she's only a woman—can't expect to earn a living unless she sews, or goes out washing, or something of that sort! Hard case, but none of *our* business!"

That's modern chivalry—that's Jove-like magnanimity! By the beard of Apollo, (we don't know any more masculine phrase to swear by!) sooner than trust our cause to these judges, we would take to sawing wood or selling apples! A little lower than the angels, indeed! when *that* edition was struck off, the printing-press must have been considerably out of repair, and the types just come from a Fourth of July excursion, where they had plenty of champagne along!

All we ask is some creditable way of earning our daily bread. We can't all make shirts, unless the gentlemen will agree to wear them three deep; we can't all get married, for some of us are green-eyed and red-haired, and some are insane enough to prefer a state of old maidhood; but we *must* all live! And how are we to do it, unless we are graciously permitted to learn how? We're beginning to get tired of asking leave to exist—we mean to take possession soon on our own hook, if an understanding isn't effected! Yes, sir! unless you hand over some of the callings you have heretofore monopolized, we shall proceed to help ourselves to whatever we may chance to fancy in the list of "paying" professions. *Then* look out for your pennies, Mr. Mankind! Do you suppose any man in his sober senses would let you shoe his horse, when there was a blacksmithess opposite with eyes as bright as the sparks from her anvil? Do you imagine you could get a job of tinkering when there was a rival, with rule and measure in her little apron pocket, who was ready and willing, in addition to the nail and hammer part of her contract, to give the baby's cradle an occasional jog, and keep an eye to the kettle of hasty pudding on the fire? Not you! As far as brute force goes, you may have the advantage, but a fig for your huge joints and muscles! You are welcome to your strength—*we* have the cunning in our flexible fingers, and it is cunning that wins in the world's great battle!

Don't say we haven't given you fair warning what you are to expect! We only ask for our just privileges, and what's more, we mean to have 'em!

Mrs. George Washington Wyllys.

TRIALS OF WOMEN.

The trials of women are seldom chronicled by the historians or the poet, yet they are not undeserving of mention. In silence, oft-times in solitude, the woman has to bear nameless trials and untold evils, for which there is no cure, no solace,—except hope and patience. In the midst of her fellow-creatures, the woman's heart may be wrung with anguish, but she must give no token of the sorrow within; her eye must be bright, not dimmed with tears; her voice must be clear and joyous, not trembling with emotion, lest the *stronger* sex look down upon her weakness with harsh contempt.

A VOICE FROM NATURE.

A father led two hungry boys
A-down a princely street,
And each one shivered with the cold,
And all had bleeding feet.
"They are impostors," muttered some—
"Mere idlers," answered others;
And few believed who looked on them,
They looked upon their brothers.

Then passed upon a high-fed steed
A lady proud and fair,
And hurried by the beggar's side
As if a snake were there;
And then the beggar turned his eyes
Upon his sons, and wept;
A father never held that faith
On which the Stoics slept.

A laughing light sprung down the skies,
Like God's approving smile;
And as the poor man's tears arose
It silvered them the while.
That lady's wealth, that beggar's rags,
O, they were things apart!
But who would give *his* weeping eye
For her disdainful heart?

KITTY GREGORY'S FATE:

OR,

FASHIONABLE MURDER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The chill winds of early December had shaken off the last gold leaves that hung trembling to the forest boughs; the shining chestnuts had long ago rattled down from their russet husks, and been garnered away by the bright-eyed little squirrels that rustled through the faded mosses and withered foliage of the gray old oaks, like quick shadows; and now, at the close of a dreary day of cloud and wind, the rain was falling with a melancholy sound on the sloping eaves of Deacon Gregory's house, at the bend of the road.

There was no candle in the huge old kitchen, nor was there need of one, for the glorious blaze of the giant logs piled on the glimmering brass "fire-dogs," illumined every crack and corner of the room with fitful radiance. Mrs. Gregory's kitchen was as pleasant an apartment as half the parlors in Fifth Avenue palaces, with its snowy floor and cushioned rocking-chairs, and white fringed curtains; and as for conservatories, Mrs. Gregory wouldn't have given a fig for 'em, as long as her monster oleander expanded its pink blossoms in tropical splendor beneath the warm, low ceiling of that same cozy, snug old kitchen, and the monthly roses in the window kept up a semblance of bloomy June even on this bleak, rainy December evening.

"Nine o'clock," said the deacon, taking off his spectacles, to wipe away an unwonted dew that had settled on their silver-circled ovals; "nine o'clock—how the time does slip away, to be sure! And to think that this is the last evening our Kitty will be with us for three months! Mind, Kitty, you don't forget your old father among those gay city folks!"

Kitty Gregory jumped up from her low seat in the chimney corner, and ran across the glowing hearth to give the old deacon a shower of kisses which seriously endangered his blue checked neck-handkerchief, and forced him to sue, between laughing and crying, for mercy.

* * * * * * *

"Take good care of my little girl, James!" said the old deacon, still lingering beside the stage door, although the last good-bye had been [illegible] again and again, and the Jehu was cracking his whip impatiently; "take care of Kitty, for she's all we've got."

Then, for the first time, Kitty burst into tears, but it was an April shower, and soon over. But the deacon, standing on the road-side long after the last echoes of the stage-wheels had died away, was more to be pitied, for he could not cry!

"Very nice, my dear," said aunt Medora, eyeing Kitty's two silk dresses and one white muslin rather superciliously, as the little damsel held them triumphantly up to her aunt's inspection; "very nice, but you must have half a dozen more, and bless me! they are not cut half low enough, and the trimming is old style. But Madame Deprince will see to all that. And you haven't any party slippers, and your hair is not arranged so becomingly as Victorine could do it. Never mind, my dear little pet; when we have fitted you up in genuine city style, you will bear away all the laurels of the season," added aunt Medora, affectionately, as she noticed a slight flush of mortification stealing over Kitty's forehead. "*Such* a complexion—it makes me think of damask roses and sweet-pea blossoms! Why, my dear, there isn't another such pair of cheeks in New York!"

Mrs. James Gregory had predicted rightly when she prophesied that Kitty would be the belle of the winter's campaign. She was very proud of the sensation created by her beautiful niece, and to Kitty it was one bright dream of innocent triumph. If her father and mother could only have seen her in those cloud-like robes, her tiny feet clad in white kid slippers, and her fair arms blazing with jewels, she would have been quite satisfied! But that was among the impossibilities, so Kitty contented herself with writing long accounts home, which were read "out loud" by the deacon to his wife, with infinite satisfaction. So passed away the gay weeks until Kitty began, like "Mariana in the moated Grange," to feel "aweary, weary," without knowing why, and to suffer from throbbing headaches, and piercing pains in her side. The thin shoes and the low-necked dresses were avenging themselves, but still Victorine persisted in lacing her young lady nearly to extinction, protesting, in reply to Kitty's remonstrances, that it was "une *per*-fect fit!" and aunt Medora bribed her failing appetite with dainty little creams and conserves, and poisonous doses of confectionery, and the chill winds cut like two edged knives to her lungs, night after night, as she issued, wrapped in light cashmere mantles, from over-heated ball-rooms to the bitter cold of February nights, and yet nobody suspected that anything could by any possibility be wrong!

The little clock on the carved marble mantel had just struck "nine," with a silver echo like the miniature harp of a fairy, and still Kitty Gregory sat musing before her dressing-room fire, instead of robing herself for one of the most brilliant fêtes of the season, for which purpose her aunt had left her. The diaphanous dress of sunset-like crêpe lay on the bed, with the wreath of lilies, and the tiny gloves, and the sparkling bracelets and necklace, but Kitty did not cast a glance towards them. She was sitting, with her little hands clasped on her lap, and something very like a tear glistening on her long eyelashes, the white merino dressing robe fastened careless-round her waist with a silken cord, and her hair falling unheeded on her neck, in gleaming masses of chestnut gold. Thinner she was and paler, than of yore, with cheeks of vivid red, and blue veins plainly outlined on each transparent temple—yet very pretty still.

Kitty was thinking of home—she was wondering if the old kitchen fire was glowing as brightly as ever, and if the Deacon, in his old arm-chair in the corner was missing his little daughter at his side, and if her mother——

But here Kitty broke down and cried heartily.

"My dear child! what on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, rustling into the room in moiré-antique and rubies. "Crying? and not dressed for Mrs. De la Tour's?"

"I don't think I will go to-night, aunt," said Kitty, drying her tears. "My side has ached very hard all day, and I would rather stay at home and rest."

"Oh, that's all imagination, dear," said Mrs. Gregory, caressingly. "See these cordons of pearls I have brought for your hair. Come—I particularly want you to eclipse the other stars in Mrs. De la Tour's horizon to-night."

In vain Kitty pleaded weariness of mind and body—her aunt was affectionately imperative, and so Victorine dressed her in the pink, floating waves of drapery, and clasped the bracelets round her alabaster arms, and wreathed her lovely hair with the ropes of pearls, and graceful lily sprays, until she seemed the very impersonation of all that was beautiful.

"Come girls—hurry up!" shouted the cheery voice of Uncle James, in the ante-room. "Don't keep a fellow waiting here all night!"

"We are all ready—come in!" said Mrs. Gregory. "Does not Kitty look sweet to-night?"

"Sweet!" ejaculated Uncle James, giving her a kiss which half the young men in New York would have sold themselves bodily to obtain, "she's a perfect little rose-bud! Upon my word, Kitty, that pink dress is the prettiest concern you've ever worn!"

As the carriage rolled swiftly away through the gloomy streets, Dr. Walker ascended the steps of the opposite mansion, with his wife leaning on his arm.

"Surely," said he, pausing abruptly, as the brilliance of a corner lamp streamed momentarily on the occupants of the vehicle, "surely that is not Kitty Gregory, going out again to-night?"

"Certainly it is—why do you ask?"

"Nothing," said he, between his set teeth, "only that if *all* kinds of murder were properly punished, Mrs. James Gregory would deserve a halter!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear," said the doctor, quietly shaking the snow from his umbrella in the hall, "that the pretty young creature who came two months ago from the country, fresher than any daisy, is now standing face to face with Death. Night after night I have seen her come out into the bitter snow and wind, her fair neck and shoulders protected only by a thin wrapping of silk, and her feet in paper-soled satin slippers—day after day I have seen her, totally exhausted by the night's whirl of gayety with a light burning on her cheek that shows *me* her grave!"

"But why do you not speak to her aunt!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "*Cui bono*, my dear! I should probably get blamed for an impertinent meddler. And now let's go to bed!"

The polished floor of the ball-room was all in a tremble with the flying feet—the music, sounding merrily from its balconied corner, chimed in with the voices of the young and gay, and the rooms were all in crush with satins and velvets and blazing jewels.

"How beautiful Miss Gregory is, to-night," said one young man to his neighbor. "What a color she has in her cheeks. By Jove, she is more like an angel than a human creature at this moment!"

"Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on Miss Kitty's remarkable loveliness this evening," said a courteous gentleman of the old school to Mrs. Gregory. But almost ere he had concluded his sentence, the lady to whom it was addressed sprang forward with a scream.

For the crimson had faded suddenly from Kitty's cheek—the scarlet had paled in her lip, and, whiter than her own pearls, she had sunk to the floor in the midst of the whirling dance!

"Sir—give her air!" "Bring a glass of water!" "No, no—let it be wine!" "Stand away, I say, good people—she will be suffocated!" "What is the matter—is she dead?" "There—let the fresh air blow upon her face." The hubbub of ejaculations and shrieks and exclamations finally blended into a low murmur of horror, as a gray-haired physician, after a moment's survey, a scientific fingering of the pulse, and an instantaneous listening at the lips, turned away with a shake of the head.

"It's of no use," he said, in a low voice. "Take her home—she will soon be beyond the reach of earthly pangs."

The perfumed and bejewelled crowd separated on either side, with pale, horror-frozen faces, as the helpless burden was borne through to the doorway. It was not to view a scene like *this* that they had come to the festive halls that night!

When the orange dawn-light streamed over the spires of the huge city, Kitty Gregory died. From the moment that they brought her home, she never stirred, nor lifted the waxen lids of her heavy eyes, and yet the aunt hoped on until the sleep of unconsciousness passed into the dreamless hush and repose of death. Then for the first time she felt the terrible weight of responsibility that rested upon her shoulders alone.

"I knew it," said Dr. Walker, as his wife came, white with dismay, to tell him what had happened in the brown-stone palace opposite. "That child should have been in bed four weeks ago, and under the physician's care. I wonder if that woman of the world knows that *she* has murdered her niece?"

"Oh, Charles, do not speak so," said Mrs. Walker.

"It is the *truth!*" he responded, sternly.

The gilded finger of the little clock in Kitty's darkened dressing-room had scarcely travelled round to noon of the same day, ere Mrs. Gregory was summoned down stairs to see "a stranger," and she went slowly to the drawing-room, scarce expecting the sight that met her horrified eyes.

It was the Deacon, with sun-burned forehead and butternut-colored suit, his honest face beaming with pleasure.

"Well, sister, I've come to bring my little Kitty home! The fact is, we couldn't get along without her any longer Where is she? Why don't she come to kiss her old father?"

Mrs. Gregory sank down on the nearest sofa, and buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief, sobbing wildly. The Deacon stared in astonishment.

"Why, what's the matter? She isn't sick?"

Mrs. Gregory could not answer—she only rose and threw open the folding-doors, letting a stream of light into the room where lay a slender figure all draped in the whitest of muslin, for the grave, with snowy roses scattered on the breast, and the fair hands tied together with pearly ribbon. The touch of art had not desecrated the dusky gold of the lovely hair which rippled in shining waves around the marble brow. The Deacon stood for a moment as the man may stand upon whose fated head the scorching thunderbolt has fallen—then he sank senseless to the floor; in blessed, though momentary oblivion, his last words ringing like a knell on Mrs. Gregory's quivering ear.

"You have killed her—you have killed my little Kitty!"

Many a year after the crimson leaves drifted like a rain of blood around the lonely farmhouse on the hill—many a night the dancing firelight illumined the raftered kitchen, where the oleanders still blossomed, and the gray-headed old couple sat opposite one another, silent with the everlasting weight of a great sorrow that never could shape itself into words. But Kitty's footstep never cheered their listening ears more—and the winds on the far-off churchyard slope moaned sadly among the leafless rose trees rising above her golden hair, as though they knew that the sunshine of *one* lonely home lay under that coffin-lid!

And so passed away Kitty Gregory—only one of the innumerable list of victims swept from the sunny world by the hand of the despot Fashion!

MISS STRONGMIND'S LOVERS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Never was there greater contrast than that presented by the two sisters, Constance and Alethea Haydon. The one was a perfect foil to the other, not alone in personal, but in all mental and spiritual aspects. Each was beautiful in her way, endowed, in truth, with more than ordinary personal loveliness. Each, also, was attractive by reason of the possession of certain less easily ascertained, and less tangible qualities of mind and heart. And each, as was but natural, had her own peculiar circle of admirers, who were never weary of offering adulation and bestowing praise.

Constance was an exquisite blonde, slight and delicately formed, whose disposition was well manifested in her gentle, dove-like expression, and timid, unreliant manner.

Alethea was a tall, large-framed, splendid brunette, with a massive brow, flashing eyes, and ever-varying color. The intense glow that lit her eyes, the deep flush that burned upon her cheek, with every emotion, told of a nature full of fiery enthusiasm, of ardent impulses, of splendid aspirations. Those who liked her least, spoke of her as masculine in intellect and in manners.

But Constance realized the poetical idea of womanhood—the vine whose tendrils seek to twine about the oak—the being with a child's nature, and a woman's destiny.

Alethea, before she reached her twentieth year, had acquired among the circle of her acquaintances the *soubriquet* of Miss Strongmind. But the name of Constance was considered peculiarly adapted to one so essentially loving and dependent.

As was very natural, I think, despite Alethea's splendor of beauty, and the seniority of two years, Constance was first sought in marriage, and first betrothed.

Like all girls, Alethea had thought of marriage as her possible lot, but it was not, with her, the chief end and aim of her existence. A happy marriage, one where, by the laws of true spiritual attraction, two beings equally loving, equal in purposes, earnest in aims, tender, constant, thoughtful, should be brought together in a sanctified union not to end with this life, she considered necessary to the perfection and completeness of human existence. But as most lives in th[illegible]here were but fragmentary and imperfect, she did not shrink from the thought that [illegible] might be so. Meanwhile there was [illegible] be accomplished, great good to be done [illegible]ed after—her aspirations, so boundless, convinced her that this life was not to end spiritual growth and achievement.

Let us suppose, now, Constance happily married, initiated into the drowsy, humdrum, purring, hearthside enjoyment suited to kitten-like beings of her order, and introduce to our gentle reader" Miss Strongmind's lovers. And [illegible] standing she was at times a little [illegible] and masculine in manner, and talked of the "ologies" and the "rights of women," she had many most fervent admirers.

It is not an uncommon circumstance for very young men to fall in love with women much older than themselves, and greatly their superiors. Miss Strongmind's first lover was four years younger than herself, a sentimental, Byronic youth, who, smitten by her gorgeous beauty, became her slave and adorer. Alethea looked down upon him, from her serene hights of intellect, with a tender pity that was almost ludicrous.

She was so sorry for him, so unwilling to give him pain, while nothing could conceal her consciousness of superiority, nor quite hide her calm contempt for his demonstrations of affections; she was so excessively anxious to be rid of him, yet so convinced that any extreme measures would drive him to despair, so puzzled by his romantic and poetic flights of language, and at so much pains to reduce them to plain prose for his benefit, that the whole affair could scarcely be viewed by any disinterested person save in its laughable aspect.

A score of times she told Maurice Grant, in the very tone and manner one uses in speaking to a spoiled child, that it was quite useless to pursue her; that she had no thought of marriage, and it would be wise for him to turn his attention to other aims, and to cultivate higher aspirations; but quite in vain. Her manner was not likely to convince him, and, like a spoiled child, he "cried for the moon" all the more loudly when told that it was beyond his reach.

So the "fitful fever" of his love had its rise, reached its crisis, and declined.

His adoration at her shrine had degenerated into a habit; it had long lost its vitality, when a piquant beauty of sixteen suddenly crossed his path, and broke the spell of Miss Strongmind's unwillingly exercised enchantment. While she was half pitying her recreant lover, half exulting in her freedom from his annoying attentions, she received from his hand a copy of some verses which the Muse had inspired him to write on the occasion of his second falling in love, and in which he characterized her as a "mocking fiend," a "false enchantress," and complimented, in the highest style of poetic art, the "angel form" which had opportunely arrived to break the spell and bind his soul in "flowery chains."

Miss Strongmind considered him slightly ungrateful, but pursued the even tenor of her way alike undisturbed by his evasion and his verses. She had just arrived at that point of her experience where it was revealed to her that she had a "mission."

I believe I have before hinted that Miss Strongmind talked of the "rights of woman." For a long time she had been convinced of the inequality of the laws and customs governing the two sexes. She did not, like Miss Wisk, prate of the "tyrant man," nor lament the condition of woman under the sway of such an oppressor. Mistaken or not, Alethea's was a practical mind, and she could not resist the conclusion that, if woman was placed at extraordinary disadvantage under the laws and the customs which govern society, her own vanity and indolence, and persistence in the fable of incapacity, had done much to bring about such a result.

She recognized, also, the fact that the family is the most important of human institutions, and in itself the epitome, as well as the origin of all governments. In it there must always be a responsible head, which, except in exceptional cases, must be the husband and father. It was but natural, therefore, that legislation should provide all guarantees and facilities for the performance of the duties of this responsible person.

But she saw, also, that legislation did not provide for a very numerous class of women, exceptions to the general rule, inasmuch as they were isolated from families, or compelled to place themselves at the head of families, on account of the death or absence of a masculine head.

She recognized, also, the restraints of custom, so binding, so terrible upon those women who desired to mark out a career for themselves. Of these she resolved to become the champion and exponent.

For herself, she was quite isolated from household ties. She had sufficient fortune, and an independent position. It was her wish to make a career for herself, at the same time that she advocated the claims of less favored individuals or masses.

Her fiery enthusiasm did not lead her to the betrayal of weakness. She carefully prepared herself before she ventured to appear before the public as the advocate of claims so novel. And when she did at length appear upon the platform of the lecturer, she created a sensation only inferior to that produced by a new singer or a new actress. The *object* of her appearance, I fear, was quite forgotten in the splendor and *eclat* that surrounded her.

Her beauty, her fine elocution, her sweet, yet penetrating voice, were the theme of all tongues. The claims she urged, the arguments she arrayed, the wrongs she cited, the redress and justice for which she pleaded, were, I fear, but lightly considered. They must have reached some minds and influenced some hearts, but her own personal claims to admiration were paramount.

In the height of her popularity Miss Strongmind encountered her second lover. A young man, still her own junior, though not much, one endowed with some property, and just entered upon the practice of a profession. But little versed in the ways of the world, and full of undisciplined enthusiasms, he was the very man to be strongly impressed by the personal attributes, the dignified manners, and the sweet voice of Miss Strongmind.

In the midst of her popularity, the first painful intrusion of loneliness had been hers. Placed apart, by her exceptional position, from her sex, and from society, she yearned for some truer and more immediate sympathy than that which she gained from the public voice. Her soul leaped up to welcome the appreciative words of Alfred Graydon. His adhesion pleased her vanity, as well as soothed her spirit. He was handsome, well-placed, talented. He was kindly and enthusiastic. In a few weeks they were acknowledged lovers, and the world understood that, ere long, Miss Strongmind would renounce her public for a special and private "mission."

From her unwillingness to do this speedily, Miss Strongmind should have known that Alfred Graydon was not her true affinity. The woman to whom any other career than the quiet one of household duty and domestic joys, seems preferable, even for a time, has not a mission for marriage, nor will have, until all that is changed. But Alethea really did love her affianced, only that she did not love him with a wife's love. She was destined to learn this lesson in bitterness, but not at once.

Alfred Graydon deemed himself desperately in love. He was never weary of following Alethea from place to place, or, if forbidden to do that, of writing to her impassioned letters, in which he vowed constancy as enduring as eternity. He lavished rare gifts upon her, he was miserable in her absence, he thought of her, and spoke of her constantly.

[illegible] the two years, during which [illegible] claimed her praise and the world's, for consenting to sacrifice his happiness to her mission, by allowing the marriage to be delayed. Then he changed his residence to a larger town, a growing city, where he and Alethea both hoped he would find greater scope for the exercise of his talents.

Here he entered society, a society refined and exclusive, and terribly opposed to any innovation upon the irresponsible rose-leaf existence which it deemed fittest for woman. Here he heard Alethea and her mission scoffed at. Here he learned to believe that the woman he had loved had, in reality, forfeited all claims to social consideration, by appearing before the public to advocate the claims of her sex. He saw a celebrated singer fêted and courted, and joined in the ovation, but when, in the course of her journeyings, Alethea came to C. to raise her voice there in a cause she believed to be profoundly just and excellent, he shrunk from her side, and disowned her acquaintance.

She felt this conduct as only such a woman can. But she was calm and self-poised as ever, and went her way without complaint. In a few days a letter followed her, which taught her that in spite of all she had hoped for the last two years, she was alone. The man she had loved very fondly, had shrunk away from her side, and professed to be ashamed of her. She could smile at his shame, and leave him to choose a daughter of fashion for his bride, calmly, but she had learned of him to distrust her kind—a bitter lesson which one should not learn too young.

And so for a long time Miss Strongmind went on her way alone.

But the time came, at last, for another lover to make his advent within the circle of her influence. A man of middle age—a calm, silent man, with no social prestige, little wealth, and moving within a narrow sphere, yet one who quietly influenced all minds which came within the range of his efforts.

He was not Alethea's equal in any worldly sense. She had wealth—he was possessed only of a competence. She had a high social standing—he was emphatically a man of the people. Her beauty had ripened and matured into something wonderful—he was plain almost to ugliness.

I am sure I do not know why she loved him, but she did give him all her heart. After all the excitements of her life, after the glare and heat of public discussion, the contact with the vulgar and inappreciative, the fatigue, and jar, and bustle of the past few years, perhaps it was the acme of her desires to find repose with a calm and healthful nature, to descend from the forum to the hearthstone, to lay down the sibyl's scroll and assume, with the bridal ring, the wife's duties.

The world said he was not her equal, that it was a fearful sacrifice, but I know that she did not so regard it. She was not one to underrate the importance of any duty, and she knew that there are not on earth higher duties than those of the wife and mother.

I had often seen her when, like a prophetess inspired, she held with the music of her voice and the eloquence of her words, great audiences wrapped in a dumb enchantment. But, to me, she had never looked more beautiful, or seemed more worthily employed, than when I saw her at her fireside with her husband smiling upon her, and the baby she held upon her knee. She has long lost the epithet of Miss Strongmind, but she is a happy wife and mother.

IN a voluminous historical work, where a thousand trivial occurrences must be recounted, and many dry subjects discussed, it is imagination alone than can carry the reader through the mass of details, and *float Truth down the flood of time!*

WIT AND WISDOM.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THERE'S a sort of people in the world that can't bear the thought of making any progress. 'Tis a wonder they ever walk unless they walk backward. 'Tis a wonder they don't refuse to go out when there's a new moon; and all out of love and respect for that "ancient institution"—the old one.

THERE is no trouble, however great, that has not in the core of its very greatness some drop of comfort; for the human heart, like a bee, will gather honey from poisonous blossoms.

WHEN some women get to talking together, they club all their husbands' faults together for the general entertainment, just as children club their cakes and apples to make a common feast for the whole set.

JERROLD says, that when a man says he is worth nothing, the world always takes him at his own valuation. But certainly the tax-gatherer doesn't always thus accommodate him.

A MAN who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

THOUGH men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name have ever been gamesters.

A POWERFUL man sometimes dissembles; he stands erect in the course of glory, with open brow, but with breath suppressed.

IN the practice of jurisprudence, circumspection not unfrequently means dilatoriness. Delay of justice is injustice.

THE hand that signed in cold blood the death-warrant of nations, has been kissed by the kind-hearted, and has conferred distinction upon the brave.

A WICKED author quits this life like a man carried off by the plague, who, though dead himself, destroys others by the surviving infection.

HE who makes eating and drinking his business, will quickly come to have a conscience of as large a swallow as his throat.

APPLAUSE, like lightning, only flashes upon the face and is gone; and it is well if it does not hurt the man.

GUILT quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk like a coward.

SOME temperance lecturers have continual water on the brain, and, like an overflowing pump, it is always running out of their mouths.

SOME husbands seem to grow old very fast. Their faces might perhaps stand the wear of matrimony if it were not for the tear.

THE pearls of oysters are said to be only so much oyster-disease; and an inordinate passion for them is only so much woman-disease.

THE pugilist and the man whose joints the gout has turned to chalk, can alike make their mark with their knuckles.

WE call men good who never do good, as we give the name of castor-oil to a fluid never used in the castor.

SEEING what is ahead of us may teach us to advance slowly. The snail, whose eyes are at the end of its horns, is the slowest of animals.

IT is to be feared that most people would rather be lowest in the House of Lords than highest in the House of the Lord.

A RING, everybody knows, is placed on the finger a great deal more easily than it is taken off—especially a wedding-ring.

THE bleakest adversity may bear us to prosperity. The Arctic wanderer may be floated into a warm latitude on an island of ice.

IF the price of freedom and enduring nationality is a hundred thousand victims of battle, a wise people will "go down with the dust."

THOSE who are too vain of their skill in figures should remember that the only science pigs can be taught is arithmetic.

A [illegible] to ensure [illegible] should [illegible] only at the head of his army, but [illegible] heart.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AN Iowa paper says that a couple of neighbors, who were out hunting a bear in the southern part of that State, got into a dispute about the "prospects of the war," and at last became so enraged that they agreed to exchange shots with each other, placed their backs together, marched off fifteen paces in opposite directions, wheeled, fired simultaneously, and both dropped, one being hit in the shoulder and the other in the leg, and both would probably have perished, had not a couple of other hunters come along and assisted them to a place of shelter, whence they were taken to their homes.

SEVERAL ladies, who were returning from a prayer-meeting, in Brooklyn, one evening recently, were accosted by a couple of villains, who followed and insulted them, when, meeting a gentleman, they appealed to him for protection, whereupon he at once knocked their persecutors right and left, and followed them up with such a storm of well-directed blows, that the cowardly fellows took to their heels in dismay. So much for pluck and a knowledge of the art of self-defence.

A MISSISSIPPI steamboat, conveying a load of rebel soldiers from Natchez to Memphis, ran upon a snag, about fifteen miles below the latter place, and the snag perforating the bottom, the boat sank so rapidly it was with great difficulty that the crew and soldiers saved their lives, which, with a part of the clothing they had on, (some of them having to throw off their coats and outer garments in order to swim ashore,) was all that they could save from the general wreck.

SOME half a dozen persons, who seemed to have been drinking rather freely, were riding recklessly through the streets of Brooklyn one day recently, in a sleigh drawn by four horses, and while dashing around a corner their sleigh came in contact with an ice-cart, and being upset, its occupants were strewn promiscuously in the slush that abounded in the streets, while the horses made off with the sleigh to the stable of their owner.

A SAILOR, just from a voyage, who was endeavoring to navigate Water street one night lately, was set upon by a couple of ruffians, who attempted to rob him, but he attacked them so savagely with a heavy club that he happened to have with him, that they soon begged for mercy, which he considerately granted after hitting each of them an extra crack on the head.

A YOUNG lady who was attempting to astonish a select circle of admirers with an exhibition of extraordinary skill in skating, on the Central Park pond, a short time since, made a mis-step or mis-strike, and falling heavily forward, and striking her elbows violently on the ice, injured them so badly that it was feared she would lose the use of her arms.

A NUMBER of boys were skating one day a short time since, and as they were swiftly skimming over the ice, close upon each other's heels, in Indian file, the foremost one stumbled and fell, and the rest coming upon him, one by one, were pitched over him and upon one another, with such violence that several of them were very seriously injured, and one had his thigh broken.

A SHORT time since, a number of boys in the western part of Pennsylvania were riding on the top of a huge load of hay, and getting into a frolicsome mood, they began to play thereon, and finally, a couple of them engaging in a wrestling match, they rolled off the hay, and falling in front of one of the wheels, it passed over their bodies and crushed them in a frightful manner.

A FEW days ago, a couple of porters in Maiden Lane got into a dispute in regard to the delivery of a package of goods, and passing from words to blows, one of them seized a hammer that unfortunately lay at hand, and struck his antagonist a blow on the head with it, which it was feared would prove fatal.

AS a couple of ladies were walking along Broadway, opposite Union Square, one morning recently, when the sidewalks were slippery with ice, one of them slipped, and, in falling, caught hold of her companion, and both of them being precipitated to the pavement, one of them had her arm broken above the elbow.

THE driver of an express wagon was arrested the other day, for driving recklessly among a group of children who were playing in the street, whereby two of them were knocked down and seriously injured by the wagon wheels passing over their bodies.

AS a number of stevedores were snowballing each other during one noontime lately, one of them threw a piece of ice at a comrade, in sport, which, hitting him just underneath the left eye, knocked and cut the eyeball out of its socket.

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BOYS WITH MANLY VICES.

Except under a judicious system of moral and religious culture and discipline, boys are not apt to emulate the virtues of their elders. Their bias, too frequently, is toward such of the vices of maturity as their years admit of their practising. It is true that there *are* boys who *instinctively* shrink with disgust from whatever is low and vicious, but they form only a small minority of the child-world. The poet-philosopher who defined men as "children of a larger growth," would have seen reason to change the definition had he lived in our day. Modern boys may be more correctly described as *men of a smaller growth*.

The principal dread of a youngster in this Age of Progress is that he shall be considered *young*—the word being the equivalent of *green* in his vocabulary. Even estimable lads, like David Copperfield, blush at the thought of their [illegible] the most acceptable bit of flattery that can be addressed to almost any boy is the compliment embodied in cunning Shylock's remark to the beardless mock-advocate—"how much more elder art thou than thy looks." Where this anxiety to be accounted mature leads to the early development of manly virtues, it is all very well; bnt unfortunately *this* kind of precociousness is rather rare. "Boys will be boys" is a common phrase among old people, but however true it may have been in *their* youthful days, it is scarcely applicable now. The urchins of this generation want to be *more* than boys. They deem the venial mischief of children of the olden time beneath their dignity. Instead of giving their tender minds to simple games and sports, they discuss prize-fights. Instead of munching apples, they chew tobacco. Instead of blowing soap bubbles, they smoke cigars. And the worst of it is, that, while few reprove them for the practice of these and other manly vices, many laugh at and some encourage them. If such is the *bent* of the human twig, it is easy to guess how the tree will be inclined. The boy with manly vices generally ripens into the law-defying, peace-disturbing rowdy, whom nothing short of the direct interposition of Providence can save from ruin in this world and the next.

Every night, at hundreds of street corners in this city, may be seen groups of boys and youths, of various ages and corresponding states of demoralization. These street corner conventions are preparatory schools of vice, with teachers, monitors and pupils. The veterans of sixteen relate their experiences for the edification of the assemblage; the next in age and degree—say the twelve-year-olds and ten-year-olds—explain the difficult passages to the eight-year-olds and six-year-olds, and in this way the education of the pupils is rapidly completed. They all chew, spit, smoke and swear—tobacco, expectoration, and blasphemy constituting a triple bond of sympathy between them.

It would be a great blessing to the community and to themselves, if these waifs of society, many of whom are what is called "respectably connected," could be brought under proper religious influences. The training of children in the way they should go is of course a home duty, but if neglected at home by those upon whom the primary responsibility rests, it should, as far as possible, be performed elsewhere. Good counsel, judiciously and opportunely administered, would do much. The mature slave of vice is seldom reclaimed, and yet look at the vast efforts that are made and the immense expense that is incurred with the hope of rescuing such brands from the burning. On the other hand the mind of boyhood, however warped by evil precept and example, still retains in some measure its natural plasticity, and may be moulded out of its own deformity into a better shape, by means which would be thrown away upon the hardened sinner. Our moral lecturers direct their dicourses to men. The great body of philanthropists employ their time and money in laboring for the reclamation of the grown-up black sheep of the social fold. They do but little comparatively for the *black lambs*. The pulpit has little to say to boys—little at any rate that they can understand and apply. We want moral lectures for boys—practical lectures, capable of interesting them. We want missionaries who will direct their undivided attention to the boy-world. The great difficulty is that the canker in the bud is neglected, and that the hand of reformation waits till the germ has matured into unwholesome fruit, with dry-rot at the heart, before it begins the remedial process. Alas, in most cases the attempt to remove the corrosion is then too late.

We should like to see moral discourses to boys made a specialty in our system of social reform. Let the fact be demonstrated to them that the manly vices which so many of them cultivate must inevitably prevent them from becoming vigorous men. Prove to them—and it is easily proven—that tobacco and strong drink blast the youthful constitution, blight manhood in the bud, blanch and wither the complexion of youth, shrivel its half-developed muscle, obscure the dawning intellect, tend to shorten life, and predispose to incurable slothfulness, if nothing worse, both the body and the mind. If more pains were taken to root vice out of the green tree, there would be less of it in the dry.

THE PLUNDER-MONGERS.

The shameless wickedness which provoked the Deluge, the impious iniquity which brought down fire from Heaven on the Cities of the Plain, could scarcely have been more heinous than some of the offences against God and man committed by agents and employees of the United States Government since the commencement of the present war. Northern Judases, subsidized by the chief priests of Southern Treason, have labored with Satanic industry to crucify the North, while multitudes of its sworn servants and their pimps and parasites, all in tacit if not in formal alliance with its enemies, have plundered its coffers to an extent which, even with the facts staring us in the face, seems almost incredible.

The Sub-Treasury defaulters under Mr. Van Buren's administration, were mere neophytes in larceny, as compared with hundreds of scoundrels now or recently employed by the War and Navy Departments. Who doubts that individuals high in office have winked at the crime and shared the plunder? If any man who has read the disclosures made before the Congressional Committee of Investigation, supposes that the swarms of horse swindlers, cattle swindlers, shoddy swindlers, musket and rifle swindlers, fuel swindlers, and other cut-purses too numerous to classify, obtained their opportunities to steal *for nothing*, he does great injustice to the *forecast* and *business talent* of the official personages *from* whom and *through* whom they received their appointments.

This sort of thing is done occasionally in Turkey, we believe, but whenever such practices are brought to light the offender is promptly made shorter by the head, or visited in prison by two mutes with a bow-string, who strangle him with as little ceremony as we should use in hanging a mangy cur. Not so here. This is the best-natured of nations—so easy-going that, while it is gallantly fighting an open enemy in the front, it will allow its pretended friends and salaried servants to stand in the rear and pick its pockets with impunity. So far from punishing them, it does not expect them, even when caught in the fact, to disgorge the plunder!

PAINT AND DYE.

Vanity is a munificent weakness. No virtue, not even Charity, is so lavish in its expenditures. Whoever ministers to it successfully, on a comprehensive scale, is almost sure to amass a fortune. Several of the followers of Columbus spent years in searching for the fountain of Eternal Youth, which superstition assigned to some portion of this hemisphere, and the ladies of Castile and Aragon—especially the old duennas—subscribed, it is said, most liberally toward the exploring expeditions that went forth on that rational errand. All hope of discovering a natural source of rejuvenescence has long since been given up, but of artificial succedaneums the name is legion. The lily and the rose are for sale at every drug store, and a private interview of ten minutes with a fashionable hair-dresser will enable "any lady with hair of an obnoxious color" (*vide* the barbers' advertisements) to flaunt ringlets of a bloomy black defiantly in the face of Time. The operation must be repeated every five or six weeks, however, and costs ten dollars. But what of that! Vanity is liberal to itself. The poor shall want bread, ere Vanity shall lack its "aids to beauty." Thus it happens that while those who labor to benefit the mind are but too often poorly rewarded, your toilet-tinkers, inventors of liquid blooms, floral lotions, hair dyes, depilatories, pomades, and the et ceteras with which fools vainly endeavor to counterfeit the charms which nature has denied, or age obliterated, often accumulate great wealth. The carriages of such men roll along Broadway daily, and the fashionable world is indebted to them for the "make up" of innumerable individuals of both sexes, who, if natural beauty resembled the wax-work images in hair-dressers' windows might pass muster, but who, as it is, are looked upon with ineffable contempt by *real* men and women.

OUR DEFENCELESS HARBORS.

Europe is studded with fortresses. Every nation on that continent sleeps with its doors locked, bolted, barred and watched. Happier America has hitherto gone to bed without taking the trouble to shut the front door. But this, it seems, is to be no longer the case. We, too, must fortify, entrench, barricade and guard.

If this work is to be done thoroughly, the mason's trade will be exceedingly prosperous for the next ten years. On Lake Superior a dozen valuable ports and towns lie exposed to attack, without a gun to defend themselves with, unless it be an occasional six-pounder for fourth-of-July salutes. There are two abandoned wooden forts in that region, neither of which could stand ten minutes' fire. On the lower lakes are Milwaukie, Chicago, Mackinaw, Detroit, Sandusky, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester, Oswego, and a score of other places, nearly all of which are destitute of any kind of fortification. On the Pacific we have several important ports, but not one which is adequately defended. The cities on the Atlantic make a little better show of defence. Engineers, however, tell us, and our own eyesight confirms the opinion that we have not one harbor from which, to-day, a hostile fleet of steamers could be kept out.

Indeed, it is not easy to defend the mouth of a harbor or river. Gen. Washington thought he had sealed up tight the mouth of the Hudson in 1776. But lo! one fine morning a British sloop of war ran past his batteries with only one shot in her hull, and threw the city into a paroxysm of terror. The rebels thought they had blockaded the Potomac. Have they? Ask the captain of the Pensacola. Upon the whole, we must confess that we have before us a nice job of fortifying.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

A great deal sometimes. There was once a man in England who was taken into a flourishing partnership merely for the benefit of his name, which was "Goodluck." To be sure, the business was a lottery business, so after all it was a doubtful advantage, all things considered. But seriously, we have often thought it worth while for parents to spend a little more time in selecting the cognomens of their offspring. Thaddeus Nobbs, or Jefferson Stubbs, is open certainly to improvement; though it still remains true that even the ugliest name may be rendered tolerable by pleasant associations. For instance, one of the loveliest women we ever saw was named "Deborah," and our readers, no doubt, can remember similar examples.

BORODINO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon left Paris to join his grand army for the invasion of Russia, which was rendezvoused at Dresden, in Saxony, about six hundred miles from Paris. He remained in Dresden a fortnight, preparing for the immense campaign before him. In the following words he gave utterance, at that time, to his peculiar ideas of destiny:

"I feel myself impelled towards a goal of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom will then suffice to put me down. But till then all human effort will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris or with the army is, therefore, quite indifferent. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

On the 12th of June the army reached the Niemen, seven hundred miles beyond Dresden. The enormous host consisted of nearly half a million of men, including eighty thousand cavalry, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of artillery, twenty thousand wagons, and one hundred and eighty-seven thousand horses. It was midsummer, and the weather was superb. A delay of three days was allowed at the river for rest, and for the stragglers to come up. In three great divisions the army crossed the stream, at points nearly one hundred miles distant from each other, with orders to concentrate at Wilna, about one hundred miles beyond.

On the 28th of June Napoleon made a triumphal entry into this capitol of the Polish provinces of Russia. The Poles, hoping that he would prove their deliverer, received him in almost a delirium of joy. There was a delay of eighteen days in Wilna, in collecting supplies, and in preparing for a march six hundred miles further into the heart of one of the most powerful empires upon the globe. Alexander was concentrating his army in fortifications which he deemed impregnable on the northern banks of the Dwina, about two hundred and fifty miles beyond Wilna. Ten thousand horses had already perished, and twenty-five thousand sick encumbered the hospitals. Almost at the same hour the various divisions of the army of Napoleon, traversing different roads, appeared on the banks of the Dwina, near Witepsk. The Russians, alarmed at the formidable array, as it came pouring down over the hills, retreated in the night. Napoleon was now nearly five hundred miles beyond the Niemen, and as yet he had met no foe.

The Russians, as they retired, destroyed all the provisions and forage on their line of march. Again Napoleon pressed forward one hundred miles to Smolensk, where he arrived on the 16th of August. Around the walls of this strongly fortified town a terrific fight for one day ensued. In the night the Russians again commenced their retreat, having set fire to the town in all quarters, so that before morning it was in ashes.

"The spectacle," said Napoleon, "resembled that offered to the inhabitants of Naples by an eruption of Vesuvius."

From Smolensk to Moscow there was still required a weary march of five hundred miles. On the 28th of August Napoleon resumed the pursuit, occasionally engaging the foe in short and fierce skirmishes, until the evening of the 4th of of September, when he met one hundred and seventy thousand Russians strongly entrenched, with five hundred cannon in battery, on the banks of the Moskwa, near the village of Borodino. They were now within a few miles of [illegible] had so scattered his army in garrisons, upon his long line of March, that he had but one hundred and twenty thousand to lead against the ramparts of the foe.

The night which ensued was cold and dark, and a drizzling rain drenched the weary army. Couriers from France arrived with heavy tidings respecting affairs in Spain. The result of the battle to ensue was doubtful, and an unusual gloom overshadowed the spirit of Napoleon. In the evening a messenger arrived bringing a letter from Maria Louisa, and a portrait of his idolized son. The Emperor placed the picture on a chair, at the door of his tent, and invited the officers and soldiers near to see it. Groups of war-worn veterans gathered around to gaze upon the picture. At length the Emperor said sadly, "Take it away. He sees a field of battle too soon."

He retired for an hour to his bed, but not to sleep. An aid, who had occasion to speak to him, found him sitting on his bed, with his face buried in his hands.

"What is war," said he, sadly. "It is a trade of barbarians. The great art consists in being strongest on a given point. A great day is at hand. The battle will be a terrible one. I shall lose twenty thousand men."

With the first dawn of light preparations were made for the battle. The sun rose without a cloud. "Behold," said Napoleon, smiling, "the sun of Austerlitz."

Napoleon, surrounded by a few of his staff, stood upon an eminence, contemplating the field, where the vast Russian army was entrenched, when a battery was opened upon him, and several balls whistled through the group. The onset immediately commenced, and a terrific peal as of thunder burst over the plain. Three hundred thousand men, with all the most formidable enginery of war, fell upon each other. From five in the morning until the middle of the afternoon the storm of battle raged. The steed of Davoust was literally torn to pieces beneath him by a cannon-ball, and yet the Marshal rose from the dust unharmed. "God be praised," exclaimed Napoleon, with fervor. General Rapp received four wounds, and was struck on the hip by a ball which hurled him from his horse. He was carried bleeding from the field. Napoleon galloped to the litter where the wounded general lay, and taking him affectionately by the hand, said, "Is it always, then, your turn to be wounded?" This was his twenty-second wound.

Count Augustus Caulaincourt waited at the side of the emperor. Next to his throbbing heart was the miniature of his young and beautiful bride, whom he had left but a few days after their marriage. He was ordered to attack a redoubt. He put spurs to his horse, saying, "I will be at the redoubt immediately, dead or alive." He was the first to mount the parapet. A musket ball struck him and he fell dead. Thus all the day long tidings of victory and death reached the ears of the emperor. Silent and sad Napoleon watched the fluctuations of the field, and guided the tremendous energies of battle. The imperial guard of 20,000 men he held in reserve. Berthier, at a moment when the army seemed very hard pressed, urged that they should be sent forward.

"No," said Napoleon, calmly; "the battle can be won without them. And what if there should be another battle to-morrow?"

Again, when the result seemed trembling in the balance, he was urged to bring up the indomitable guard. Napoleon quietly replied, "The hour of this battle is not yet come. It will begin in two hours more."

Gradually the concentrating lines of battle had met in and around the great central Russian Redoubt. More than one hundred thousand men here fought, enveloped in clouds of smoke. Napoleon gazed calmly upon that terrible volcano of lightnings and thunderings, where his troops were struggling with energies almost superhuman. The terrible contest was soon ended, and the banners of France floated proudly over the gory bastions.

The evening of victory was not one of exultation. Forty-three French generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand French soldiers had been struck down by the shot or sabres of the enemy. These were dreadful tidings to be conveyed to France. Fifty thousand Russian soldiers were also strown over the field, weltering in blood. The Russians slowly retreated towards Moscow, followed by their victorious yet not exultant foes.

ALL WRONG.

Patience and confidence, long suffering and sacrifice, would render our success certain. But our people lack these elements, and the Government must incur the risk of a battle, or break down financially for lack of support from the people. I think the Government comprehend this, and as soon as possible will gratify the public demand for a great battle.—*Exchange*.

What mistakes are these! If "our people" have not shown themselves possessed of patience, confidence, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, what people have ever exhibited those traits of character? It is the government that seems to lack patience and confidence. If the people are puzzled or dismayed at the apparent inaction of the army, the government has but to issue some kind of official assurance that the delay is necessary or best, and the clamor at once subsides. No, no; the people are willing to wait, though it costs them *millions an hour* to do so. If recent movements end in disaster, let not the blame be laid at the door of the most patient, the most confiding, and the most self-sacrificing people in the world. The voice of the people is this: Take your time, Mr. President. Spend all we've got. Only give us, at last, a restored country!

EXTRAS---ABOLISH THEM.

It is scarcely credible, yet it is a fact that each member of Congress costs the country three thousand dollars a year, *besides* his salary and mileage. Every senator, it seems, uses, or pretends to use, nearly two hundred dollars' worth of stationery in one session. Other things, in proportion, swelling the annual cost of a senator, including salary and mileage, to seven thousand dollars a year. This will never do in such times as these. We firmly believe in the policy of paying the public servants liberally, but no extras! It is the extras that run away with the money, and open to corruption not one door only, but a thousand. All the public stealing is done under cover of extras. We go, therefore, for the total abolition of extras of all kinds, in all departments. Pay a senator so much, and let him buy his own penknives, newspapers and postage stamps.

—Our highly esteemed friend, Commodore Vanderbilt, is, as nearly everybody knows, fond of, and drives a good pair of horses. The Commodore is also fond of a good joke:

"a humorous patrician
Rough as a storm, but humorous as the wind."

—indeed, he is one of the finest humorists in the country; but his humor is of such a quiet, subtle character that even his most intimate friends are sometimes in doubt whether he is indulging in playful fancy or hallucination, or giving utterance to solemn truths. It is probably owing to this jocular and happy trait not being generally understood that a certain degree of doubt exists in regard to the reputed swiftness of his horses. One of the Commodore's particular friends (Mr. Turnbull) tells a characteristic story of him. It runs in this wise: Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Baker (two gentlemen well known on our suburban drives) recently matched their horses for a contest of speed on the road. The Commodore was present. He had his brother, whom he familiarly terms Jake, along with him. Some time after the trot, as Mr. Turnbull good-naturedly tells the story, the Commodore met him and remarked to him, "Turnbull, your horse and Baker's didn't trot any that day—they couldn't go fast enough to get out of my way, and I had Jake in the wagon with me." Mr. Turnbull quickly responded: "Why, Commodore, *your brother Jake just told me that you tried your d—dest to keep up with them, but you couldn't do it.*" This created quite a hearty laugh at the Commodore's expense, and some people, who were not aware of his playful genius, were disposed to think that he always exaggerates the speed of his horses; but the Commodore's reply to Turnbull enlightened them: "Oh," said he, "you know that Jake don't know anything about horses!"

—We copy the following paragraph from the *Independent:*

Mistake or Compliment.—No weekly paper has attained to such a circulation as the New York Ledger, and few papers take so much pains to deserve it. In the sphere which it has chosen for itself, it is without a rival. The utmost pains are taken to keep from its columns anything that shall be injurious to the family. Yet, even the Ledger mistakes sometimes. In one of the latest numbers, a contributor who purports to "keep his eyes and ears open," speaks of the *Independent* as an agricultural journal, and one of the best in the United States! Evidently this writer, having eyes, sees not. Mr. Bonner should look to his correspondents.

We can assure our friend, the editor of the Independent, that *we* do "look to our correspondents," and the fact which he states, that "the utmost pains are taken to keep from our columns anything that shall be injurious to the family," is the best evidence that we can offer of the fact.

—In reply to a correspondent, who writes us a long letter from Hartford, we would state that we have had nothing whatever to do with the threatened disruption in Mr. Childs's church of that city. In fact, we were not aware that that rash and inexperienced young clergyman had any difficulty with his people until we received our correspondent's letter. It is true that when Mr. Childs was a candidate for the Moderator's chair of the Synod which recently met at Brooklyn, some of our personal friends voted against him, and he was defeated; but surely we are not to blame for that defeat any more than we are for the schism in his church.

—The *Sun* newspaper has greatly improved since the beginning of the new year, when Mr. Beach, its former proprietor, resumed the management of it. One or two of the parties, who have been connected with it for a year or two past, have been obliged to leave it, on account of their incompetency to manage such an enterprise.

—Anthony Watt, the Postmaster of Harrisburg, Ind., in sending us a list of subscribers, accompanies it with the following note:

The first subscriber on this list, Willie Bates, came to me with one hundred coppers and two quarters, and said he wanted to subscribe for the Ledger. He had saved the money, copper by copper, through the year, for that purpose. He is only nine years old, and likes to read so well that he cannot do without the Ledger.

The Future.—It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.---No. 103.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great; only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience, and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo, my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang. I rang twice. "A pretty hotel—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking feet, in the third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowsy chambermaids; saw, afar off, the master of the coal-scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges which they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with *my* boots. A German servant at length came, round and ruddy-faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots No. 78, (my number.) He would hunt him up; thought he was breakfasting. Here was new vexation. Who was the man that had taken my number and gone for my boots? Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and stoccato messages to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped in it, of course. In winter cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was quarter past eight; train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandal-rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over a last night's spree. It was very annoying. Reached the office, and expressed my mind. First the clerk rang the bell three times furiously, then ran forth himself, met the German boots, who had boots 79 in hand, narrow and long, thinking perhaps I could wear *them*. Who knows but 79 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way thought I would look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were mine! There was the broken pull-straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my toe—infallible signs! The fellow had marked them 77 and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But, boots once on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralized upon that infirmity that puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own falls, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the pets and rubs of life as undignified as this? Few men could [illegible] to-morrow, to review the things that vexed them yesterday. We boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and ride him. A man that is vexed and angry turns the worst part of himself out to sight, and exhibits himself to the pity or contempt of spectators. Who would put on a buffoon's coat and fool's cap and walk forth to be jeered? And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced?

SACERDOTAL SIGN POSTS.

It may strike *you* pleasantly, but when I am about to enter a church, the conspicuous intelligence upon its outside walls, that the "undertaker may be found at such a street," is anything but a pleasant announcement. Now not being myself a theologian of that school which compels a smiling countenance to be left at the *porch* of the "meetin'-house," I can, therefore, by no means endorse any gloomy surroundings, outside or inside.

One of the principal articles of *my* creed is, that Sunday should be the pleasantest day of all the week. When I open my eyes to its dawn, I always rejoice, if instead of a gray, cloudy sky, it be a lovely blue, and the sun be shining brightly; I think upon the thousands to whom this day is the only leisure-day of all the seven; the thousands who, without this blessed rest, would scarcely have time to look upon the faces of wife or children; scarcely time to receive the regenerating caresses of little twining arms, or hear the recital of little griefs and joys which it is so blessed to share with one who never wearies in the hearing, and to whose fatherly ear nothing a little child can say is "trifling." It is blessed to me to think of the thousand humble homes where the Sabbath sun shines upon just such a scene as this; preaching *through the family* this simple gospel: that the humblest have those for whom they must strive to leave the legacy of a good and honest name. Now when a working man, with his heart full of love and happiness, walks forth on a Sunday morning, do you think it wise when he approaches a church to shake a coffin in his face? Had I my way, I would tear these undertaker-placards all down to-morrow, and instead, I would write this, "Strangers furnished with free seats here every Sunday." Were I a clergyman, an undertaker should no more use my church walls to advertise his business, than the upholsterer who furnished the pew cushions, or the bookseller who provided the hymn books, or the man who found the gas-fixtures. Ah! but you say it is very convenient to know where the sexton lives. Very well, so it is; but let him advertise in the papers, as other people do, who have no convenient church walls to save their advertising fees. The truth is, that the whole undertaker business, as at present managed, is monstrously mis-managed. The other day, in one of our streets, I saw an oyster shop with heaps of bivalves curiously arranged in the window, over which was written: "*Live and let live.*" Next door, being an undertaker, he had piled ostentatiously *his* wares, consisting of heaps of "fancy coffins," in his show-window. If he had only copied his bivalve-neighbor, so far as to write over the window, *Die and let die*, the farce would have been complete.

FANNY FERN.

Smoking.—Smoking, to persons who have a tendency to pulmonary disease, is highly dangerous; but where the lungs are healthy, enjoyed in moderation, it does no harm to the general health. To persons of a lymphatic temperament, it is even useful.

THE RAINBOWS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Still the thunder-bells are tolling!
Still the black clouds round us rolling;
Still the lightning flashes free
Over mountain, over sea;
And beneath the earthquakes heaving,
Are the emerald valleys cleaving:
O the terror and the wo!

II.

See the multitudes are kneeling,
With their hands to Heaven appealing;
Others dare the horror now
With a stern, unquailing brow;
While beneath the earthquakes heaving,
Are the emerald valleys cleaving:
O the terror and the wo!

III.

Who have shook the bells of thunder?
Who have rent the vales asunder?
Who have placed unholy hand
On the great ark of the land?
Traitors! demons! mad for power,
Ye have brought this awful hour,
All this terror, all this wo!

IV.

But the bells shall cease their tolling:
Fade the black clouds round us rolling;
Grander shall the Nation stand
For this tempest in the Land—
Rainbows, over mount and steeple,
Sparkling to a great, tried people
Still diviner peace and joy!

* * *

THE BAY QUEEN.

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

SHERLOCK SHOWS HIS HAND.

The gentle motion of the vessel, so natural to Wallace Macdonald's habits of life, soon induced a state of repose, and when he awoke it was broad daylight. He started up and gazed about him, and when he had rubbed his eyes, and collected his scattered senses, he realized that it was no dream which had oppressed him. As he sat upon the edge of the cot, and remembered that he was a prisoner, his regrets were that he might thus be rendered unable to take command of the Bay Queen, as he had planned. Of danger to himself, further than being restrained of his liberty, he had not yet thought. While thus busy with his reflections he felt the motion of the vessel change—there was a rattling of blocks, and a swaying of yards—and ere long an anchor was let go. Then he heard the order given for furling sails, and he knew that some harbor had been reached.

Half an hour afterwards the door of the state-room was opened, and Christopher Sherlock made his appearance. He bowed very politely as he entered, and there was a smile upon his face when he spoke.

"Good morning, Captain Macdonald."

Our hero looked into the face of the visitor, but made no reply. He was not prepared to respond to the man who, he believed, had caused his arrest. He could not speak pleasantly, and he had no wish, at this stage to speak otherwise.

"You find yourself in rather unexpected quarters," pursued Sherlock, moving his huge body further into the state-room.

"I find myself most wickedly abused," said Wallace, with a quick clenching of his hands.

"I don't know about that, my dear friend," responded the other, shaking his head, and smiling a cold smile. "I don't think you have been arrested without cause."

"Cause given to whom?"

"Given to every loyal subject of King George. Ah, my dear captain, you ought to have listened to your friend with the flaxen hair—your lieutenant—your Abraham Melchisedec. He was wiser than you. If you had followed his wishes you would not have been here; so you must blame your own wilfulness."

"Oho! you played the eavesdropper last night, did you!" cried Wallace, with a look of scorn.

"I had that pleasure," replied Sherlock, with another smile. "Yes, my dear Captain, I was edified beyond measure. I heard the lady Eleanor's opinion of her mother-in-law; and I heard her make a few feeble remarks touching my humble self. And, furthermore, I listened to some opinions which you expressed in that same direction. They were very refreshing, I assure you; and I appreciated them the more highly because I knew that they were spoken with all the artless sincerity of confiding youth."

"You were in an honorable business, truly," said Macdonald, with a bitter sneer.

"Just as you please," added Sherlock, with a bow. "But to tell you the plain truth, I didn't think of the honor of the thing at the time. However, I am willing to defer to your judgment."

"You are a villain, and a scoundrel!" cried Wallace, clenching his hands with rage. "Can you take that so coolly?"

"Ah, my dear young friend, the passion of youth leads you to unseemly expression. Upon my word, I don't believe you mean what you say."

"I do mean it, dastard! No one but a sneaking coward would have been crawling around beneath strange windows, listening to the privacies of their neighbors."

"Tut, tut, Master Wallace; your blood is hot. You don't stop to reflect. Now I am willing to grant that the man who entices a maiden away from her home, in the middle of the night, for the purpose of leading her to conspire against her natural guardians—that the man who goes prowling around, like a thieving dog at midnight, trying to break up families, and willing to break up the source of law—he, I grant you, may be very honorable—exceedingly honorable!"

Wallace Macdonald was not equal to this kind of combat with Christopher Sherlock. He could not curb his youthful passion, and his outbursts rebounded from his antagonist as a ball of cork might rebound from an air-bag.

"I know you, Christopher Sherlock," he said, after he had somewhat recovered himself, "and you know what I think of you; so that matter may rest."

"With only this addition," returned Sherlock: "I know you—know you very well."

"And I suppose that you have caused my arrest?"

"I have."

"May I ask for what?"

"Certainly you may; and I shall be more frank than you would expect. First,—you are an enemy to your king; and were, at the time of your arrest, engaged in fitting out an expedition against the peace and welfare of the government. Is this not so?"

"I am not arraigned for this, I believe."

"O, no. I don't expect you to convict yourself. However, you hear what I say. I knew that you were engaged in fitting out an armed expedition against the king, and I caused your arrest. That is the public reason for the movement. And now I have a reason of my own, of more importance to me than all the crowns of all the kings of earth. Had you not been trying to stand between me and my affianced bride, I might not have troubled myself about you. In fact, had I not been watching to protect myself, I should never have known of the treasonable work in which you were engaged. So you will observe that I do not claim any great virtue in delivering you up."

"Where am I now?"

"On board His Majesty's transport *Dover.*"

"And where has she cast her anchor?"

"Outside of Boston harbor."

"Am I to be cast into prison again?"

"Not in Boston."

"Ah——"

"Not in Boston, my dear Captain. You are going to England, where you will be dealt with as it may please those in authority. This is my plan. And now," Sherlock continued, folding his arms over his huge breast, "I have a word of caution to give you; and it was to give this that I sought this interview. I should betray a childish weakness did I think to deceive you touching my feelings towards you, or touching my part in your present mishap. I am responsible for you present arrest; and it was I who caused your former arrest. You escaped then, and came directly back to annoy me. You may escape again. It is not impossible that you may slip through the fingers even of your present jailors; and if you do, you will be wise if you keep away from Salem. And this is my warning: If I find you in Salem again, you shall die! I am not threatening you idly. I mean it, and I have the power to execute what I plan. And, furthermore, no qualms of conscience will prevent me from doing the work, for I would take the life of a man who tried to rob me of my love as surely and as lightly as I would crush the reptile that stung me."

The man paused a few moments, and then added—

"I do not say this for the purpose of intimidating you, but for the purpose of protecting myself. I hope you will appreciate my selfishness, and be sufficiently warned."

CAPTAIN MACDONALD AND CHRISTOPHER SHERLOCK.

"One word," said Wallace, as Sherlock turned to go. "You say I am to be sent to England?"

"Yes."

"How? To whom am I sent? Under what charge?"

"You will be delivered up to the first authority that has power to receive you; and the charge is, that you are an instigator of armed rebellion. Good day, sir." And with a polite bow Christopher Sherlock left the state-room.

What did it mean? Had the youth heard all? Was the tale, as it had been told to him, simple and true? Did Christopher Sherlock mean just what he had said?

For some time Wallace sat upon the edge of his cot, with his gaze fixed upon the vacancy where he had last seen his visitor, and reflected upon the words he had heard. Aye—and there was more than words to reflect upon. There had been something in the look of the Tory—something in the glance of his cold, snake-like eyes, that might mean more than anything he had expressed in words. Of one thing, however, our hero was pretty sure: He was a prisoner, and was to be carried away over the sea; but he was puzzled to understand how Sherlock could have had authority enough to get him on board a government vessel. And yet the thing might be simple enough. The captain of the transport might be a friend of Sherlock's, and they might have taken the responsibility of bearing off a rebel. But these were only conjectures, and vague at that; and the youth finally concluded to drop them, trusting that time would clear up the mystery. There was one thing that was not so easily put from him, and that was the LOOK which Christopher Sherlock had given him—the LOOK so wicked, so malevolent, and so full of deadly cunning—the LOOK which he had worn upon his face while he had been speaking, and which still rested there when he went away. In this was most of the mystery.

In the course of an hour, or so, the steward brought some breakfast into the state-room, and when he came back after the dishes Wallace asked him when the vessel would sail.

"As soon as our despatches come, I s'pose," the man replied.

"Then you don't carry back much cargo?"

"No,—there's none to go. We only take back a few passengers, and then I s'pose we'll bring over more troops."

"Who are going as passengers?"

"Only some invalids from the barracks. They're atween decks now."

With this the steward went away, and at noon he came again.

Before night the prisoner heard the orders passed for loosing the sails and manning the windlass; and in an hour afterwards the brig was standing out to sea. He knew this by the heavy swelling of the water. That night he was left alone; but on the following morning, about an hour after breakfast, his door was opened, and a man entered whom he at once recognized as the individual who had received him on board the vessel. He was a short, thick-set, bull-headed, red-faced man, some forty years of age, wearing a coarse, slovenly garb, but adorned with an officer's button.

"I am Captain Gossman," he said, after he had looked our hero over; "and I am commander o' this brig. So now ye know me, don't ye?" His voice was as coarse as was his person, and his look was simply impudent.

Macdonald nodded, and the Englishman proceeded—

"You are my prisoner while we're at sea, and I s'pose I'm responsible for ye; but I don't want ye to be shut up down here. You're a sailor?"

"Yes."

"And a capt'n?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll take your word of honor, and let ye have the run o' the deck. Will ye promise to behave yerself, and keep quiet, if I let ye go at large?"

"Yes, sir," replied Wallace, quickly.

"Well—seein' as we're out o' sight o' land, I'll take the key from your door, and ye may go and come when ye please. You'll find the Dover a snug craft, sir; and I hope we'll have a pleasant voyage."

Macdonald followed the captain from the cabin, and when he reached the head of the ladder the fresh breeze felt grateful enough. He snuffed it up in long, hearty draughts, until his lungs had become fairly relieved, and then he turned his attention to the things about him. The deck was flush to the foremast, and forward of that was a topgallant-forecastle. A heavy long-boat was stowed amidships, [illegible] were a lot of spare spars, [illegible] snugly to the bulwarks, and covered with tarpaulins, were four iron guns—two upon each side. The general arrangement of things—the state of the deck, and the disposition of the running rigging—was far from being neat or seaman-like. Sand, and water, and holy-stones, and scrubbing-brushes, and swabs, might have been used to advantage, fore and aft.

Before night Wallace had so far overcome the crustiness of Capt. Gossman that that individual conversed quite freely with him, though with none of the tokens of friendliness. And during the day our hero made the acquaintance of Mr. Etheridge, the first officer of the brig, and who appeared to be by far a better seaman, and a better man, than the captain. They had met before, in Calcutta, when Wallace was mate of a Salem ship, and Etheridge mate of a Bristol ship; so the prisoner felt much as though [illegible] and a friend.

During the day Wallace observed the crew, which consisted of twenty seamen, one cook, and one steward, and as he looked them over he fancied that he saw one or two whom he knew; or, at least, whom he had seen before. At night he found that he was to have the liberty of turning in when he pleased; so he remained on deck till ten o'clock. On the following morning he came up after breakfast, and as he stood by the wheel he noticed that two men in the lee gangway were watching him with more than ordinary interest. They were the two whom he had singled out on the day before as wearing familiar looks, and as he regarded them now he was confirmed in the belief. When they saw that he had caught their eyes, they turned and walked forward, and entered into a conversation beneath the break of the forecastle. Shortly afterwards Mr. Etheridge came along, and our hero pointed out the men, and asked who they were

"Those," replied the mate, "are two men whom we shipped in Boston."

"Were they not among those who assisted in my capture on the night of my arrest?"

"No. They came on board after you did. They came just before we sailed from Boston, and are at work to pay for their passage."

"Do you know their names?"

"Yes. The largest one gave his name as Peter Varney, and the other called himself John Timble. Do you recognize them?"

"Their countenances appeared familiar," returned Wallace, "and it may be that I have seen them before. Very likely they have crossed my track in some foreign port."

At this juncture the mate was called away, and our hero took a position where he could observe the two men without being observed by them in return. They were evidently two hard, reckless fellows, and they had intelligence enough to make them dangerous enemies. The one who had been pointed out as John Timble was a small, spare-built, weather-bronzed man, somewhere about forty years of age, and had surely led a rough and adventurous life. Peter Varney was some years younger, and much larger of frame. It was Timble who had particularly attracted Macdonald's attention. His face was peculiar, and the features not easy to be forgotten, and the prisoner knew that he had seen it before. But where? That was the question.

Half an hour after this, as Wallace sat alone in the cabin, he remembered where he had seen John Timble. Two years before an American ship had put into Salem with some mutineers on board—mutineers who had conspired to take the ship and run away with it. John Timble was one of those mutineers, and he had escaped punishment by giving evidence against his companions in crime.

So much for Timble. Of Varney our hero could make nothing, save that he had seen him somewhere. However, he had discovered enough to convince him that they were both villains, and his next desire was to know why they were now on board the transport.

"Why should such men be going to England as passengers?" the youth asked himself, as he walked up and down the cabin. "They can certainly have no great call of business, and they would not be working a passage for pleasure."

By and by Mr. Etheridge came down, and the two entered into a pleasant conversation.

"By the way," said Wallace, as they came to a pause, "I think this fellow—this John Timble—must be going over to England on business for Mr. Sherlock."

"Sherlock?" repeated the mate, looking up.

"I mean Christopher Sherlock, the stout man who came on board to see me."

"O—yes. Well, I don't know about that. It may be so. I think he spoke to the captain touching their passage."

Wallace did not care to ask any more then. He had seen and heard enough to connect the presence of those two men with Christopher Sherlock, and beyond this he meant, for awhile, to keep his own counsel.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISONER HEARS SOMETHING.

During the next day Wallace was careful not to appear to pay any attention to Timble and Varney. He passed them several times without so much as looking at them, and they seemed finally to regard him without any show of shyness. Yet he obtained opportunities to watch them, and before night he had made up his mind that they felt some particular interest in his affairs. There could be no mistake on this point.

It was on the following night—somewhere about ten o'clock—that Wallace stood upon the quarter-deck, leaning over the rail, just abaft the lee back-stays, gazing down into the water. There was a gentle breeze—just enough to fill the sails—and the stars were all out, but no moon. He knew that it was past ten, because the man at the wheel had been relieved, and this circumstance reminded him that it was time for him to go below. He did not move immediately, however, but remained to follow out a picture which his fancy had drawn in the phosphorescent changes of the water—a picture in which Eleanor Gordon appeared in the background, with a dim spread of blue sea in the distance, upon the bosom of which lay the Bay Queen, waiting for her commander. And yet his mind was not so completely absorbed in this fancy but that he had some sense of things about him. He heard some one moving behind him, and there came upon him one of those mysterious impressions of danger which sometimes fall upon the inner senses through a spiritual intuition. Under the influence of this he started quickly back from the rail, and came nigh tumbling over something that crouched at his feet. It was a man, and his first impulse was to grasp him by the collar.

"What's all this?" Macdonald demanded.

"Hold easy, sir," returned Peter Varney. "What d'ye want of me?"

"What do *you* want of *me?*" was Macdonald's rejoinder. As he turned he had seen a man move away from the quarter-deck who looked like John Timble. "What are *you* doing *here?*"

"Stand out o' my way, and let me look at the tops'l halliards, will ye?"

"The topsail halliards don't lead down in this place exactly, my friend."

"Eh—no more they don't. Blast the luck, I thought these was 'em. It's all right, sir—beg pardon." And thus speaking, the man started up and went to the rack where the halliards were belayed, and there remained.

Wallace Macdonald soon went below, and when he had gained his state-room, he was strongly impressed with the idea that an attempt had been made upon his life. There could be no mistake about it, nor could there be much doubt touching the occasion of the attempted outrage. Varney and Timble had thought to throw him overboard, and of course they were acting under instructions from their master. Who that master was it needed no prophet to tell.

On the next day Wallace met Varney and Timble several times, but they did not seek to avoid him, nor did they betray any unusual emotion when they met his gaze. In fact, they appeared rather independent and impudent than otherwise. In the evening our hero concluded to keep his eyes about him, and be careful how he remained in unguarded positions. He was in the weather gangway when the first watch was called, at eight o'clock, and he was sure that he saw Varney go up into the main-top. Half an hour after this, as he was crossing the quarter-deck, something fell from aloft, grazing his shoulder in its course, and striking the deck with a crash that seemed to make the brig tremble. He started upon one side, and directly Mr. Etheridge came from the wheel, and asked what was the matter.

"See," replied Wallace, "here is something that just fell from aloft."

Etheridge picked it up, and found it to be a large burton block, with a band of iron.

"Good heavens!" the prisoner cried, as he saw the block, "if that had struck my head, I should never have known what hurt me."

"Of course you wouldn't," returned the mate. "But I guess we'll find out how that came down here. Maintop ahoy!"

"Hallo!" came from aloft.

"Who's up there?"

"Varney," was the reply.

"Come down here."

The man came down, and the mate asked him how he came to send that block on deck.

"I let it fall, sir."

"Don't lie to me, villain! How could you let a thing fall so far aft as this?"

"Don't know, sir," replied Varney, with impudent assurance. "All I know is, I let it fall."

At this juncture Captain Gossman came up and demanded to know what was the matter. The mate explained to him what had happened.

"Well," said the captain, with perfect coolness, "there's been no damage done."

"Damage!" cried Macdonald. "Is it no damage for men's lives to be endangered thus?"

"Whose life has been endangered?"

"Mine has."

"Aye," added the mate, "the block struck so near that it grazed his arm; and you can judge for yourself what the damage would have been had it struck his head. And, furthermore, sir, if you will just cast your eyes aloft, and then mark where the block struck, you will see that it could not have been mere accident. The block was thrown, sir—thrown some distance."

"Mr. Etheridge, when I ask your opinions you may give 'em, but I don't want 'em now. Go and take care of your watch, sir."

This was spoken in an imperious tone, and the mate turned away without further remark. He seemed to know his commander well enough not to risk opposition.

"Varney, you're a careless dog," the captain growled, after his officer had gone. "You'll be doing mischief if you aint careful. Now clear out, and behave yourself."

The fellow walked away very leisurely, and Gossman then turned to our hero, coolly remarking:

"You can go below, sir."

"But," said Wallace, with some surprise, "is this all the notice you take of such a thing?"

"Notice," repeated the Englishman, with a sneer. "I think the thing has had notice enough."

"But," pursued our hero, "there is no safety on such a deck."

"Then keep off the deck. If ye stay below, there won't be any danger of your getting hit with blocks. When I gave you free run, I didn't expect you'd take command of the brig. Just remember that you're a prisoner, will ye?"

What in the world did this mean?

Wallace asked himself the question as he went below, and he was forced to the conclusion that the captain of the brig was a party to the projected villainy of Timble and Varney. How else could it be?

"By the great powers!" muttered the prisoner, as he stood by the side of his cot, "I think I can now understand why I am allowed this liberty of range over the vessel. It is to throw me into the hands of the assassins. I think those two villains were engaged to kill me; and Captain Gossman was to deliver me up to them. It looks like that."

And the more he thought of it, the more firm was he in the conviction that such must be the case. But he was not destined to be long in doubt. That very night he was awakened by the sound of voices near his door, and upon starting up and listening a moment he distinguished the tones of Captain Gossman and John Timble. They were not talking very loud—not loud enough to disturb an ordinary sleeper—and it must have been the pronunciation of Macdonald's name, coming to his ear in a moment of dreamy restlessness, that had attracted him from his slumber. He slipped noiselessly from his cot, and put his ear to the keyhole. The two men were standing not more than three feet away, and one of them seemed to be leaning with his hand directly upon the door-post.

"He must know that there's mischief in the wind," said Timble.

"It's your own fault," replied Captain Gossman.

"I don't know as there's been any fault about it," retorted Timble. "I've done the best I could, and I believe Varney's done the same. If he hadn't 'a turned just as he did, when Peter was creeping up behind him, he'd a been overboard safe enough. He escaped that block by just the skin of his eye, and that was all."

"It may be," suggested the captain, "that he doesn't yet suspect anything. But, mind ye, that's nothing to me. I aint engaged in this in any way nor shape. I'm agreed to let ye work, and to see that there aint no unnecessary overhauling of the matter; but I aint engaged no further—I want ye to understand that."

"But," pursued Timble, a little impatiently, "you're bound to give us a chance."

"Well—what more chance do ye want than ye've had already? Of course ye don't expect to kill him in his state-room. That won't do."

"What's the reason it won't?"

"Why—how'd ye explain the matter? It mustn't appear to be a murder. Mind ye—I made that a part of the bargain."

"I don't mean it shall appear so," said Timble. "It isn't very likely that I'd go to spillin' his blood over his cot, or smashin' his skull, or anything of that sort; but s'pose'n I could fix it some other way. Don't ye think we could stop his breath without leaving our marks? Thunder and guns! Peter Varney, with the twist of his right hand, could stop his windpipe in no time. I tell ye, Capt'n, that's the way it must be done; and Pete's of my opinion. It's no use to wait for a chance on deck, for the chap's got his eye opened, and he'll be a hard one to catch."

"It don't make a bit of odds to me how ye do it," replied Gossman. "I've got only this one thing to say: The work must be done quietly, and no marks left—at any rate, no marks but such as we can hide. If ye make the attempt and fail; or if ye leave such marks as to expose the murder, you two'll have to bear the brunt."

"Dont you lay up no fears on that score," was John Timble's emphatic assurance. "I tell ye, when Pete gets his hands onto Macdonald's neck, there won't be much outcry. Between the two of us, if we can't finish him, we'll suffer the consequences. I'm willing to pledge myself to that; and I know that Pete'll do the same."

"Very well," said Gossman, with a grunt of relief; "if you can do that you're welcome. Just make it appear that the fellow died in his cot, of some kind of a fit, and there shan't be much overhaulin' o' the matter."

"Then it's all settled," returned Timble, "and you may set this chap down for a dead man. I'll stake my life on that."

"Don't let it hang long."

"Wait, Capt'n. Just you wait. It may be that we'll have to wait till another night—it may be; but not over that. Will you put that down in your log."

"I'll wait and see," said Captain Gossman. And with this the two men went away. They stopped near the centre of the cabin, and conversed a few moments, but their words did not reach the ears of the listener.

As may be readily imagined, Wallace Macdonald did not sleep much during the remainder of that night. There was a bolt upon the inside of his door, and having shoved this into its socket, he lay back upon his cot. About an hour afterwards he heard a light step just outside of his room, and a hand was laid upon the latch-knob. Then there was a low, hurried whispering, and presently those who had tried the door went away.

In the morning [illegible] went out to his breakfast, and the captain met him with a smile, and gave him a very cheerful salutation. This was something so unusual that the prisoner might have wondered at it, had he not possessed a key to its meaning. After the meal was finished, and the table had been cleared off, Capt. Gossman asked the steward to get him a bolt for the door of the binnacle.

The steward had no such thing.

"There must be one in the brig somewhere," said the captain.

None but such as were in use, was the reply of the steward.

"But I must have one, if I have to take it from some other place." Gossman thought a minute, and then turned to Macdonald.

"Let's see—there's a bolt upon the inside of your door?"

"I think there is," replied Wallace.

"Well—if you don't particularly need it, I should like it. I s'pose it's of no use to you."

"None at all," said the prisoner. "If you don't choose to keep a lock upon the outside, I'm sure I don't desire one upon the inside."

"Then I guess I'll take it," pursued the captain. "It's just what I want; and it's about the only one of the kind there is aboard."

So the bolt was taken off; but Wallace did not believe that it would be put to any further use. He saw the captain take it away with him; but he did not see it put upon the binnacle door.

How very plain was all this to Wallace Macdonald. With that bolt gone there was no means of fastening the door of his state-room upon the inside, and the assassins could enter when they pleased. And now what was he to do? One thing was certain: He must keep his own counsel. Mr. Etheridge would be powerless to help him, even allowing that he would be willing so to do. What he did he must do himself, and upon his own responsibility. He understood the plan, and he made up his mind that he would oppose it to the extent of his power. Timble and Varney were to kill him—to do it without making any outcry or noise, and without leaving any marks of the murder; and the captain was to have the body thrown overboard without examination of any kind. Touching the manner of the proposed death, it was, in all probability to be by smothering and strangulation. The villians imagined that if they could find their victim asleep, they could easily despatch him without noise.

Our hero's first thought, after the thing had been revolved in his mind, was of some weapon of defence. He had none of his own, and he must find one. Towards the middle of the afternoon he found an opportunity to be in the cabin alone, and he instituted a search with all possible haste. The captain's state-room was locked, and in the rooms of the other officers he found no weapons save one or two heavy muskets. There were probably weapons at hand, but they were under lock and key. At length, in the room of the steward, he found a cutlass hanging against the sheathing at the head of the cot. It was a short, stout weapon, with a keen, sharp blade, and as good, of the kind, as he could have desired. He concealed it beneath his coat, and carried it to his state-room, and when he had laid it away beneath his mattress, he went on deck. He saw Timble, and he saw Varney; and if they looked into his face after any sign of fear or of distrust, they had their look for nothing; for he did not show, so much as by a shadow, that his thoughts had been in the least unusually occupied. He passed a few remarks with the captain; but that individual, now that he had got the bolt, did not seem to relish the familiarity, so the prisoner soon left him.

After supper, Wallace went on deck, and remained there until he saw the steward go below, when he followed. He waited long enough in the cabin to ascertain that the cutlass was not likely to be missed, and then he retired to his own state-room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YARD-ARM!

Macdonald did not remove his clothing when he retired. He simply threw off his jacket, and then lay down upon the cot, drawing a single blanket over his shoulders. He had thought some of leaving his lamp burning; but as that might excite suspicion he concluded to extinguish it. The cutlass was placed close by his side, where he could reach it at a moment's notice, and the clothing of the cot so arranged that there could be no danger of his movements being hampered by it. His position in the bunk was favorable for defence; for as he lay with his face turned outward, he was upon his left side, with his right arm clear. Thus he lay for an hour or more; but no sound disturbed him save the tramp of the watch overhead, and the occasional flapping of the sails. This state of things became rather tiresome, and the prisoner's eyes began to have a strong tendency to close themselves, not that he was much fatigued or unfitted for long watching, but the position was not calculated to excite a wakeful circulation. Being assured that there was no movement in the cabin, he finally got out from his bunk and walked lightly up and down the narrow room.

Eleven o'clock—half-past eleven—and no approach of the assassins. They would not be likely to come now until after the mid-watch had been set; and once more Wallace crept into his bunk. He dozed a little, but not so much but that the least sound attracted his attention. Midnight finally came, and the watch was changed. He heard the first mate's voice in the cabin when he came down. The captain had opened his door, and asked what the weather was.

"Still fair and calm," was the reply of Mr. Etheridge. "There isn't breeze enough to fill the sails."

"Does she keep her course?"

"No, sir. She's whiffling all sorts of ways. We haven't had a fair steerage-way on her for the last four-and-twenty hours."

The captain swore some, and devoutly expressed the wish that the dark monarch, with the cloven foot and barbed tail, had the wind, probably thinking that if said individual had the disposal of affairs, he might legally claim an accommodation. However, the brig continued to roll lazily upon the sea, and the sails flapped as before; and Capt. Gossman closed his door and turned in again.

Another half hour passed, and once more our hero prepared himself for the coming of the assassins. Another half hour, and there was a sound, as of falling feet, in the cabin. Presently a hand was laid upon the knob of the door, and the latch lifted from its place. Wallace could not see what was going on, but he could hear very distinctly. He knew that the door was opened, and that men were listening there. He made no motion, but breathed steadily and deeply, as though his senses were locked in profoundest slumber. There were a few moments of silence—then sounded the voices of two men in low whispers—the voices of John Timble and Peter Varney. They were satisfied that their victim was sound asleep. Directly a few rays of light struggled into the room, as though a small lantern had been opened, and our hero could see the two dark forms at the doorway. His right hand was upon the hilt of the cutlass, and he was ready for the meeting. He might be overcome—the villains might prove too powerful for him, but he did not believe it, and at all events, he determined that they should have to contend against all the strength he possessed.

In a little while the lantern was set upon the floor, so that the light would fall just upon the edge of the bunk, and then the men moved into the room, crouching low as they entered, and creeping without noise. Varney was in advance, and came towards the head of the berth.

"—st!" came from the lips of Timble. "Are you ready?"

"All ready," replied Varney, in a low breath.

"Mind then—you have the throat and arms; and I'll take care of the rest. Don't let him breathe after you put your hand on him. Now!"

Macdonald's right arm was clear of the blanket, and as the men came up the powerful form of Peter Varney was directly between his eye and the light. He calculated where the bosom must be, and then, with steady hand, he pointed his weapon. The movement was a quick one, and as he made the thrust, giving all his strength thereto, he felt the blade enter its mark. There was a deep groan—a gasp—and then came the cry—

"O! my God! I'm killed!"

"Ha! who?—what? Is't you, Pete? Say—is't you?"

"Yes.—O!—O!—O!" And as he thus groaned he staggered back, and sank upon the floor outside the state-room. The blade must have found the very centre of his heart.

In the excitement of the moment, with the memory of the wrong which had been done him, and bearing in mind the business upon which the two villains had been engaged, Macdonald's impulse was to strike them both if he could. He did not consider consequences, for he had no time. He thought only of present necessities.

The opportunity was a favorable one, and he embraced it. John Timble, when he heard the cry of his companion, started towards him to help him, without realizing what had been done, and thus he presented his left side to the bunk. Wallace saw it, and once more made a thrust with his cutlass, striking Timble just under the arm. This happened at the very moment when Varney sank down upon the cabin floor. This last blow was not so decisive as had been the first, for Timble quickly recovered from it, and started back towards the door, raising a loud cry of alarm as he did so. Even now the villain did not seem to understand exactly what had happened. He had seen his companion fall—he had heard the groan of death—and he had felt the fatal blow upon his own body—all without warning, and without seeing the movement of the hand that had done it. By the time he had recovered himself so as to be able to think, the captain, and mate, and steward were on the spot.

"What's all this?" demanded Gossman.

"I believe I'm a dead man!" groaned Timble in reply, at the same time pressing his hand upon his side.

"But how—what—what is it?" cried the captain, pushing his way towards the open door. He looked into the state-room, and saw Wallace Macdonald standing there, with a dripping cutlass in his hand. "What! Have you done this?" and with this exclamation came an oath and a malediction.

"I have been defending myself," replied our hero.

"O, the lubber!" yelled Timble, starting towards the captain. "Give me a knife—a pistol—something—and let me kill the bloody land-sneaker where he stands!"

Capt. Gossman evidently felt a desire to shoot the prisoner himself, and, in all probability, he would have done so had he chanced to have a pistol with him at the time; but before he could thus arm himself a dozen men were in the cabin, and a great desire was manifested to know what was going on; and, furthermore, the bringing of a light by the steward revealed the scene of blood. The Yankee prisoner still stood close inside of the open door, and when the new-comers saw him they demanded anew to know what had happened.

"O!" groaned Timble, with a bitter curse, "the villain has killed me, too. Give me a pistol! Shoot the dog!" As he spoke he staggered upon one side, and would have fallen had he not been caught by one of the men.

By this time Capt. Gossman seemed to have recovered from the first shock of his passion, and his next movement was a cooler one. He went to his room and obtained a pistol, and when he returned, he ordered the prisoner to surrender.

"You need not threaten me with force," said Macdonald. "I have only sought to protect myself."

"Then give up your cutlass, and surrender," returned the captain.

"Here is the weapon, sir;" and as the prisoner thus spoke he extended the hilt of the cutlass to Gossman.

"Now," the captain cried, after he had gained the weapon, turning to his men as he gave the order, "sieze that rascal, and bind him. If he offers resistance, down with him!"

Half-a-dozen stout men were upon the youth in a moment; and ere long his arms were bound behind him, and his feet securely lashed together. He made no resistance of any kind, for he saw very plainly that such a movement would be instantly fatal to him; but he suffered himself to be bound; and soon afterwards he was pushed back into his room, and the door locked upon him.

When this had been done the captain directed the steward to see that Varnay's body was taken on deck, and then he drew Timble upon one side, and conversed with him awhile in a low tone. But the fellow was not to converse a great while, for not only was his voice failing him, but his life was evidently on the wane.

"O, my God!" he gasped, "you must do something for me. I am dying!"

When the steward came back he was directed to get some spirit, and while this errand was being done the captain was busy whispering directions into the sufferer's ear. Presently the spirit was brought, and a hearty draught had the effect of arousing the failing man. After this he was taken on deck, and when the crew had gathered around, the captain asked him to tell how the thing had happened.

"I want Timble to tell his own story," remarked Gossman, "because you will then understand the duty that we have got to perform. I will just say, to begin with, that I ordered this man and Peter Varnay to go in and put a lashing on the prisoner's arms. I had reason to believe that he meant mischief from the fact that I had discovered that he had a cutlass concealed about him. Knowing this to be the case, I thought it would be the best plan to clap a stopper on the chap while he was asleep. Now, Timble, go ahead."

"Well—ye see," commenced the fellow thus addressed, delivering his communication to the captain, "and Pete and I'd got all ready to go in an' do as you'd told us to, we lit our lantern, and opened the door of his state-room. He breathed just as though he was asleep, but he was playin' the monkey on us. He wasn't asleep, but was wide awake, waitin' to kill the first man that come nigh him. I didn't notice that he had a cutlass, but the first warnin' I had was the cry of Pete. The rascal had stabbed him in the dark. Of course my first idee was to help my chum, and as I was a jumpin' toward him to do that, I got a stab in my side. It was so sudden—so onexpected—so savage like—'at I hadn't no warnin'. He'd been a layin' there like a tiger, just a thirstin' for blood.—O!—It's all up with me! Where's that rum? Give me some."

They gave him more spirit, and he then lay back upon a coil of rigging, where he groaned in agony. His wound was dressed, but he could not be helped. He died before morning, and with his dying breath he called upon his shipmates to see that he was avenged. When the sun was up the two dead bodies were buried in the sea, and the only funeral service was an oath, from the captain, that that was not to be the last burial!

When our hero had been left alone, and the men had gone up from the cabin, he began to fear that the danger was not yet passed; but he did not consider it necessary to conjure up bare possibilities, so he sat down, and finally sank to sleep, with his head resting upon the edge of his mattress. When he awoke it was daylight; and while he was stretching himself he heard a sound upon the deck which attracted his attention. It was not a startling sound, but there was something peculiar in it; and pretty soon came another sound which told the story. A plash in the water—another plash; almost in unison—as of two bodies slid from a plank—told that there had been a burial service. A shudder ran through Macdonald's frame as he heard it. He did not shudder because of the deed he had done, but that plash in the sea echoed upon his soul a prophecy of evil.

Another thing our hero noticed. As the sun came up the brig grew more steady in her motion; the sails ceased their flapping; and the voice of the captain was heard ordering the yards to be braced to accommodate the rising breeze.

Not long after this the door of his state-room was opened, and two of the crew of the brig made their appearance. They were hard looking fellows, and their glances upon the prisoner had nothing of sympathy in them.

"Come," said one of them, in a rough, authoritative tone, "you're wanted on deck."

"Aye," added the other, looking as though he would like to eat the American up, "we want you quick—so come along."

Wallace felt a little inclination to be indignant at this sort of insolence, but a second thought led him to see that any manifestation of that kind would only yield him greater indignity, and he kept his feelings to himself.

"Come—are ye going to hurry up?"

The prisoner suggested that he could make more haste if the lashing were removed from his ankles.

The fellows hesitated a moment. This was a point upon which they had not been instructed; but they finally concluded that it would be safe to remove the lashing. They did this, and Macdonald then followed them on deck, where he found the whole crew assembled near their mainmast, in the weather gangway. He knew in a moment that there was mischief in the wind. He could see it in the bloated face of the captain, and in the scowling glances of the men. He was led to the mast, where the commander confronted him.

"Wallace Macdonald, d'ye know what ye've been doing?" This was the first salutation, delivered with an attempt at judicial austerity.

"To what do you allude?" asked the prisoner.

"I allude to your killing two of my men."

"I did kill them, sir."

"Aye, I know ye did; but I don't see how ye can own up to it with such a hard, cool face. Is that all ye think of doin' such a bloody murder?"

"MURDER!" repeated the American, a sense of the terrible truth for the first time flashing upon him.

"Aye—murder!" responded Gossman. "A most brutal and outrageous murder! Weren't it enough that ye should rise agin yer king, and fit on a pirate vessel? By Saint George, but you're a bloody 'un!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Macdonald, gazing eagerly around upon the assembled crowd. "You cannot lay that crime upon me. Say, my men, do you believe that I have done a murder?"

"Aye," cried half a dozen at a breath; and directly the others all chimed in—all save Etheridge; and he seemed afraid to oppose the general current of opinion.

"No, no," said the prisoner, vainly endeavoring to gesticulate with his bound arms, "I am not guilty. The charge is false. You, sir, know it to be false."

"I know it to be true!" retorted the captain, with a savage look.

"O, how can you say that? Why do you thus falsely accuse me? Those two men came to my berth to kill me, and I did but defend myself."

"You lie!" was Gossman's rejoinder. "Those two men went to your state-room without weapons of any kind, while you had a cutlass hid away in your bunk. I knew ye had it—I'd watched ye—an' I knew ye meant mischief—an' I sent 'em two men to secure ye, and take away the weapon."

For a moment our hero was staggered by this barefaced assertion.

"In mercy's name," he asked, "what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, and 'pears to me it's all very plain. You're a dangerous man. You were a pirate to begin with, and now you've turned murderer. I'm captain o' this brig, and I'm judge o' this case. In fact, I'm goin' to be Lord High Admiral on this occasion, *and you've got to swing!*"

"What! Do you mean to hang me?"

"Exactly."

"You dare not do it. It would be murder. Your government would condemn you upon the evidence."

"Just don't you trouble yourself about that, my sweet son of a gun. When my government finds fault with my hangin' piratical rebels that murder my own men, I'll resign, and ship with Davy Jones. No, no, my beauty, ye needn't spread yerself in that style. I know what I'm about, *and you've got to swing!*"

"In the name of Heaven, sir, listen to me!" cried Macdonald, starting forward. "You see how utterly helpless I am. I am bound, and I am a prisoner——"

"Aye," interrupted Gossman, with an oath; "you are a prisoner, and I gave ye the liberty of the vessel, an' see what use ye made of it."

"Base, false man, how can ye say that! You know that there was a plot against my life. You know that there was a plot from the first to murder me, and that those two men were sent on board this brig for that very purpose!"

"Liar!" hissed the English captain, and as he spoke he struck the prisoner in the face. "What d'ye mean, ye lyin' rascal! Would ye cast yer foul stuff on me! By the lord Harry, I'll clap a stopper on your jaw-tackle mighty quick! Here, you bo'sn, put a gag in that chap's mouth. In with it, and then we'll rig the whip for his neck!"

With oaths and curses loud and deep, Gossman pursued his plan, and his crew seconded all his movements. The gag was placed in the prisoner's mouth, and once more his feet were lashed together. He saw the whip rigged upon the fore-yard-arm, and he saw the boatswain make a noose upon the end of it. He turned to the captain, but there was no hope there. His speech was stopped and his limbs were powerless. He turned a look upon the crew, and he knew that they could not help him if they would.

One more look at the fatal noose which dangled from the yard-arm, and Wallace Macdonald's thoughts were turned upon the things of another world!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE JEALOUS MARCHIONESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNTESS D'ASH.

BY JUL. G. DURANT.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

Christine was sublime in pronouncing those words with which we closed the last chapter. Her beauty shone as a reflex of her soul. Amédie, with his eyes fixed upon her, felt new thoughts rising in his breast; it seemed as if she was another woman. He was discovering in that magnificent and passionate creature unknown charms. The chaste and beautiful Christine appeared to him a Madonna; Christine, loving and emotional, was the most charming and adorable of women. He looked at her with ecstacy, and, in spite of himself, these words resounded in his ear:

"She has loved! She may love again!"

The governess resumed:

"That love did not dominate me, however I held it under my foot like a slave—often rebelling, but always submitting. I had not yet experienced that irresistible yoke of a power stronger than my own, I was the strongest. Such was my self-control! The duke, the parent of my friends, invited us to spend the winter at his castle in Devonshire. That was my ruin, Monsieur le Marquis! M. de Jousseliere followed us there, and his skill surrounded me with so many knots. and I was attacked on so many sides, that I felt myself taken like a bird in a trap. If I tried to avoid him, my combinations themselves reproached me with his name. Every one was speaking of him; his wit, and the courageous and rash actions attributed to him, were everywhere praised; finally, to quote a line that occurs to me at this moment as the best expression of my thought:

'And on the alm, also, his image is engraved.'

Madame de Girardin, in that delightful piece, had guessed the state of my soul. If I went to help the poor and miserable, Ernest had thought of them before me; not a hovel he had not visited, not a sorrow he had not comforted around us. His praises ascended to Heaven like frankincense. Could I not join to it the perfume of my love?"

"Poor, poor girl," murmured the marquis, sighing.

"Oh, I was not to be pitied then, for I was innocent. I was then struggling against passion and crushing it under my will. Vainly did the count surround me with fascinations, with prayers, with tears, with threats; I resisted all. I did not even vouchsafe an avowal to him, who was seeking me with all his life and energy. I threw to him a proud challenge, and I looked upon him kneeling before me, my head cool, my heart panting with happiness, so that my will was victorious even over my love.

"That struggle lasted two months, but it was two months without interruption in his presence, from morning till night, and, I can swear it to you, without [illegible] I loved him too much for that. But I wished to remain pure. I wished it from principle and from pride. To descend from my hight, to accept a man for my master, seemed to me an impossible humiliation. I would have bowed my head before one of those fabulous, heroic, imaginary demi-gods of old, so to speak, or before Alexander, before Cæsar, before Napoleon—that would be all. One evening I allowed myself to speak in the presence of Ernest, and discharged my soul, full and exalted. He listened to all I said without uttering a word, and at the moment all had separated to enter their bedrooms, he whispered in my ear:

"'Christine, I will win you at *any* price!'

"I then felt the imprudence of my declaration, and felt that perhaps I was leading towards evil a nature yet undecided.

"'He will distinguish himself at any price,' said I to myself. 'He will descend into the fathomless abyss, and his fall will reflect on me. No, I will not love that man, nor will I have him love me. God will come to my assistance.'

"The next day he was pensive and melancholy, nor did he answer the jokes addressed him, but he cleverly brought on the conversation on the topic of love. That eternal discussion, always new, commenced again, as it always begins. Every one expressed his opinion, every one declared his chimera, and I was at length asked what I thought of it.

"'In my position,' answered I, 'love is a castle in the air or a fault, neither suits me.'

"Ernest raised his eyes on me and remained silent.

"'I have heard,' replied a lady, 'of a magnificent anecdote, related of I know not which Prince of Orange, in love with a young girl whose mother prohibited their interviews. He met her, finally, at a feast, where the mother placed herself between the two, and begged of the prince not to compromise her daughter. They were standing near the chimney, when the young man asked of the mother permission to entertain the young girl while he could hold a burning coal on his hand. The mother consented to it without hesitation, and herself placed a flaming piece of wood in the hand of the prince, then she withdrew from them. Seeing that, notwithstanding, the conversation lasted a long time, she approached the lovers, reproaching the young man for having failed to keep his word. For an answer, he stretched his hand towards her, the coal was extinguished and the flesh was burned to the bone, without the features of the prince having indicated the least suffering, without one of the muscles of his physiognomy having moved.'

"'Oh!' exclaimed I, 'such characters are not to be found in our days. I believe I could worship such a man.'

"'Do you mean it, Mademoiselle?' asked the count.

"'I run no great risk in repeating it,' replied I; 'I shall never be taken at my word.'

"Ernest looked at me and grew very pale.

"'Alas! sir, I am nearing the moment that decided my fate. I fear to proceed, for I desire your esteem. If I leave my dear Flavie, I wish at least to leave with you an honorable remembrance; I wish you to rest tranquil as to the time I have passed near her. Ah! Monsieur, Monsieur, do not judge me harshly, I implore you."

"I am listening, Mademoiselle," replied the marquis.

"If you answer me thus, I shall not find courage to achieve my recital. I have come to you, however strange it may appear, because I have more confidence in your interest than in that of Madame la Marquise; she imposes silence, she frightens me; but you, sir, whom I see each day so kind and tender towards your child, you, so good a father, will have pity on me, you, the heir of a glory acquired, without favor and without privileges, by the merit of an illustrious father—you will understand and excuse my pride. The ancestors of Madame la Marquise fought at the crusades: their austerity keeps me aloof. But the Prince of Monza I honor, and I honor you equally with that name, which draws me towards you. Alas! you perceive I have all the religions, including that of recollection."

"Well!" said the marquis. "Proceed, unfortunate girl. Not only my pity, but my sympathy and protection, await you. I thank you for having relied on me."

"That same evening," pursued Christine, "was one of those cold, penetrating, icy and damp English evenings of which you read, the ground covered with four feet of snow, beginning to thaw, which rendered the weather still more unpleasant. In the middle of the evening the count disappeared; he was sent for, but begged to be excused, since he felt unwell and wished to retire early. From that time the drawing-room was empty for me. Miss Sackett and I occupied apartments at the extremity of one of the wings, viewing a small flower garden, and separated from the road by a wide ditch, dug completely around the castle. Often, during the pleasant evenings, I used to open the glass door, when my pupil was asleep in her room, and breathe the chill air of the river. That evening I remained quite late with my companion, and then entered my room and drew the bolts as usual.

"I made my customary preparations, and stepping towards a closet, transformed by me into an oratory, raised the curtain. Ernest stood before me, almost inanimate, shivering, wet through, and yet as handsome as Leander after traversing the Hellespont. Notwitstanding my surprise, I did not scream. I asked in a firm voice what he was doing there, and whence he borrowed the hardihood that he dared to enter my apartment.

"'I have begun to imitate the Prince of Orange,' answered he, smilingly, 'since you can be so easily pleased. I swam across the ditch, and, waiting in the snow until the servants had gone to bed, I have now come hither to perform the fire experiment, which you will perceive is a small thing for a love like mine. After that has been triumphantly achieved, we will be married by a good clerical friend of mine, who is concealed in a room not far off.'

"I did not take a single move to prevent him; my head was a chaos in which all ideas were confusedly mingled. I looked at him, listened to him and delivered myself to the charm of loving him with all the faculties of my soul and body. However, he did not dominate my spirit as yet!

"He approached, and taking from the chimney grate a burning coal, placed it red hot in the hollow of his hand. He put himself before my knees, and like the Prince of Orange, his color did not change; only his eyes shone brighter and the smile did not leave his lips. He spoke; he spoke for a long time, revealing to me one of those exceptional natures—so rare and so little understood in the world. He spoke in a language new to me; and I thought I could read in that soul all that mine contained of generous sentiments and noble instincts; I thought I had found under that charming envelope the hero of my dreams, the master whom I should be proud to obey; I heard him develope admirable theories; he promised me a place by his side, above humanity, as I had reserved in my dreams a place for him near myself. And the coal still burned on! Our two hearts then beat in unison—in hopes, in projects, in desires. His passion, more impetuous than mine, lent him more energy, more violence; without experience, I was deceived. My head wandered, my imagination overleapt its limits, my heart beat to stifle, and the moment I realized my inferiority was the one of my defeat. I consented to a secret marriage there and then."

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed the marquis; "and for such a man!"

"Alas! I believed him great, sir,—as great as the world; and I was making him happy—I, who had never given happiness to any body, nor received it from any one before. Hours passed like an enchantment, I often believe I have dreamed them. I forgot my fault completely whilst he was there, and would have committed it a thousand times to give him the same happiness, to hear him thank me with his beautiful eyes and his sweet lips, triumphant with joy, and to adore in his wound the proof of his powerful and ardent passion. Oh! how happy I was, my God!

"But the next day, when I awoke, and when the candid and chaste child that had been entrusted to my care approached my bed, and I beheld her, so pure and so innocent, I felt my deceit in all its magnitude: I felt unworthy of remaining near that young girl, and wept, with an overpowering sense of terrible shame to come.

"The poor child had brought me a note from her mother, who wished to see me immediately. I had slept late, they feared I might be unwell, and, at the same time, Madame Sackett had several communications of the greatest importance to reveal to me, she said. I arose, unable to answer, already frightened by my own conscience and fearing a discovery. The excellent mother transmitted to me the proffer of a relative, which she accompanied with the greatest tenderness; and, while I was retrenching myself behind my worthlessness, she spoke to me of my virtue, my reputation, my character, I do not know what not besides! She repeated all that could make me blush then. Finally, I left her, without coming to any decision, while mistress Sackett thought me convinced. I assisted at breakfast like a somnambulist—answering right or wrong, without knowing what I did, suffering from my past misfortune, my present position and my dread anticipations. However, I mustered sufficient boldness to accost Ernest, at a moment when no one could hear us, and besought him to follow me to the park; and there, amidst my tears and my remorse, I related to him the proposal which I had received, and begged him to assist me from the shame and sorrow of appearing ungrateful towards my friends.

"Would you believe it, sir? that man, that wretch, that lover of the day before, that husband of the past night, that demigod, that hero advised me—to marry his rival, but continue him as my lover, and informed me that our marriage was a sham, as it was his own valet, in the disguise of a priest, who had performed the ceremony. I was filled with horror and anguish at this avowal, and saw by his infamous proposals that I had nothing to hope from him. Withdrawing from his arms, I ran to Mrs. Sackett, and throwing myself at her knees, swore to her that her cousin should never obtain my hand. I implored her, in the name of her daughter to let me flee from an odious love, and without revealing to her the true cause of that desire, I requested leave to set out the same day, secretly, without acquainting any one with the secret of my retirement. Through prayers, she at last consented to it. I saw no longer the count, nor either [illegible] inhabitants of the castle—Mrs. Sackett taking upon herself to excuse me near them, and immediately thereafter I wrote to him that I loved [illegible] I wrote to [illegible], sir, the moment I learned he was [illegible] man I had dreamed. I asked him to forget and not to seek me, and gave him a false direction, as to the place where I was going. I also circulated a false address, in order to deceive him as to my real abode. He was deceived.

"I went to Paris and remained concealed until the count had entirely lost my trace. He wrote to me several times: his letters sought me in ten different places where I had friends whom I had forewarned. Madame la Duchess of Alaguy spoke to me of your family, which I subsequently entered: you know the rest."

"But what is the danger that threatens you?" inquired the marquis; "why do you claim my protection?"

"I met the count a few days since at the 'Favorite;' and since that meeting he has pursued, and threatens me, in case I do not consent to follow him, to visit me openly in your house, and to have me expelled like a miserable wretch. That is not all: he claims what he calls his 'right;' he wishes to introduce himself to this house, and visit my chamber by night! he wishes to oblige me to resume an odious chain, which could not be, if death were the only alternative! I have succumbed once to an inexplicable fascination and committed a grievous fault, which I have just confessed to you. That fault I have wept, and still weep. I have expiated it for three years; I have asked God's forgiveness for it, at every minute of my life; I have suffered—yes, I have suffered beyond expression, sir! I am not a lost creature, you perceive; I love, I adore virtue; honor is my pride. Except in that moment of forgetfulness, I have always been pure, and I wish to be so evermore. Therefore, Monsieur le Marquis, I beg of you, I implore you, assist me to flee, assist me to reach the end of earth—still to weep and expiate, so that this man may not find me, nor pollute me with his infamous love! Have pity on me, in the name of your daughter, whom I love as my own! save me! oh! save me!

Christine had thrown herself on her knees, and tears were dropping slowly from her eyelids. Her hair covered her almost completely; all the exalted grief of her soul was reflected in her features. She was beautiful enough to command the love of Plato himself. The marquis was gazing on her with ecstacy, his hands joined; he did not dream of raising her; he did not think of answering her—he was looking at her! The poison was filtrating drop by drop in his heart, and taking possession of his whole being; so that when Christine, frightened at his silence, repeated:

"But are you going to deliver me to that man?"

"Deliver you to that man!" exclaimed he. "Oh! I shall have his life before he approaches you! No, no; fear nothing, Mademoiselle, and especially do not think of leaving us. Nowhere could you be better sheltered from the count's enterprises than under my roof. A few lines, which I shall address him, will be sufficient to stop instantly his persecution. Your noble frankness erases from my eyes your fault, so fully expiated in the next place by what you have suffered since. I entrust anew my daughter to your care, and I am persuaded that she cannot be better confided. Go in peace; indulge no uneasiness. I answer henceforth for your tranquility on my own head. Thanks for your confidence, and believe me, you shall never repent of it."

"Oh! it is I who thank you," replied Christine; "I ought to thank you on my knees, that I am permitted to remain near my Flavie, under your protection! Be blessed a thousand times, sir! I retire now; it is late. I return to the care of our dear angel. Oh! rest tranquil, also! I will make her's a great soul and a noble heart. Adieu, Monsieur le Marquis; I am of no importance, but my absolute devotedness is your's."

She saluted the marquis with her hand in retiring, with an enchanting grace and smile. He looked at her departing, while he murmured:

"How beautiful she is! my God! oh no! neither that man, nor any other shall possess her henceforth!"

In re-entering her apartment, Christine observed the marchioness asleep at the foot of her daughter's bed. She remained breathless on the threshold of the door.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXPLANATIONS.

In perceiving Christine, entering as she was in the disorder of her toilet, a person less supicious than the marchioness would have conceived no slight uneasiness. Judge then of the effect produced upon a woman so susceptible, at the aspect of that beauty, of which she had already received a glimpse, and which was now revealing itself afresh in all its splendor. She sprung towards the governess, seized her hand, and leading her before the mirror, exclaimed:

"Look at yourself, Miss, and tell me where you come from at this hour, in such disorder?"

"Madame," stuttered Christine, confounded; "I felt unwell: I come from the garden."

"From the garden, thus arrayed! That is poor propriety, it seems to me. And you leave my daughter alone, when you know yourself that she may want you. You felt very unwell then, Miss?"

And that look of pitiable jealousy was running over her from head to foot, seeking in the attitude, the gesture, and even the costume of the governess a pretext to burst forth. After the first moment of surprise had passed, and she had recovered all the force of her energy, her eyes did not lower to the ground; but strong in her innocence, in her resolution, she breasted the storm and bravely awaited the scene that was forthcoming.

Beatrix, enveloped in a mantilla, her hair pushed back in her night cap, he face animated by anger, was gradually losing all her advantages. Christine, standing in front of the looking-glass, where she could see both herself and the marchioness, could not avoid noticing it, and gained more and more confidence in herself. Although they were alone, she felt herself the most beautiful, she knew herself the stronger, and she knew she was reproachless; she had not the least fear, therefore, and mastered her situation.

"You do not answer me, Miss," replied Madame de Monza, imperiously.

"Excuse me, Madame; but I think this moment badly chosen for an explanation. You are under the empire of an unjust prejudice; you would not listen to me, or, at least, you would not listen to me impartially; if Madame la Marquise will permit, we shall resume this conversation to-morrow."

"To-morrow, Miss! I will not wait an hour, nor a minute; and to begin loyally with you, to prove to you that I expect the same frankness, I will tell you that I neither suspected nor spied you; but that, after talking with my husband, I was satisfied that I had spoken wrongly to you, and was coming hither to apologize, and ask the same amity for the future that we have enjoyed in the past. Fool that I was! I did not see what blind love could induce the Marquis de Monza to make me humiliate myself before my daughter's governess!"

"Humiliate, Madame!" repeated Christine, raising her head still higher.

"Humiliate, Miss, I repeat it; humiliate—not because I am wealthier and richer than you, but because I am worthier than you, who are stealing from me my happiness, my sole treasure—my husband."

"I shall listen to you to the end, Madame," replied Mademoiselle Orthez, mastering herself; "I will answer you afterwards."

"I have come here, my heart full of mercy, to give you my hand, and to speak of a peaceful and united future. I have found this room empty, my child abandoned. I waited a few moments, expecting you would return; but you did not. I have looked for you in all the apartments and in the garden, Miss; then—then I returned here, persuaded that you would show yourself again, sooner or later, and I was not mistaken"

"And you have not looked for me elsewhere, Madame?" asked Christine, her eye fixed on that of the marchioness.

"You are interrogating me, I believe, Miss?" answered the wife, with an almost insolent haughtiness.

"No, Madame; but before I answer you, before I explain myself seriously to you, I must know of what I am accused."

"You are not only accused, but convicted."

"You think so, Madame?"

"You have deceived me; you have sported with me."

"Madame!"

"You have abused my confidence, my kindness."

"Madame! Oh! Madame!"

"You rob me of my child's tenderness, my husband's love——"

"O! my God!"

"You shall leave my house."

"Madame!"

In repeating that word three times in succession, the voice of Christine was assuming an accent more and more heart-rending; the third time, it almost expired on her lips, and two silent tears flowed down her pallid cheeks. Beatrix was checked by that sudden silence and that grief, and taking quickly hold of Christine's hands, exclaimed, in one of those impetuous outbursts, familiar to characters of her disposition:

"But justify yourself! I do not wish to accuse you wrongfully! Indeed, I do not! After all, what care I if you should know what I have done, I do not conceal my uneasiness; alas! I should have to conceal my whole life! I knocked at my husband's door; it was locked. I have—even knocked at that of Robert; no one answered me."

"Oh! Madame!"

There was in that last utterance a reproach so genuine, so painful, so striking that it went immediately to the heart of the marchioness, in spite of herself. She doubted; but passion was killing the doubt. She wanted to know—no matter what it cost. Passion maks one cruel.

"Were you there, Miss?" resumed she, observing that Christine remained silent.

The first impulse of the latter was to tell the whole truth; but reflection detained her from doing so. She feared that by revealing her secret to a jealous soul, she might expose herself to the risk of having it soon known to every one; she shrunk from the idea of being an apprehensive dependent upon a freak of anger, and resigned herself to one of the most cruel and frequent necessities of life, dissimulation.

"No matter where I was, Madame," she replied; "I have, I can swear it, no reproach to make against myself, as far as regards you. I have committed no fault in your house, and if I must leave it, I shall leave it with upright head and tranquil heart—God is my witness."

"That is not enough, Miss; you must convince me of it, convince the world."

"The world matters little to me, Madame. I do not belong to it. As for you, if you wish to be convinced, you shall soon be so. Look at me, only look at me; is there in my physiognomy any sign that denotes a falsehood? No, Madame, no. I am above deception, above falsehood. Weak beings only have recourse to that. I swear to you before my God, on my hope of eternal salvation, that never has M. le Marquis given me any other attention than as the governess of his daughter. I swear to you that I have never thought of him but as the father of my pupil; and I swear to you still further, Madame, that if the marquis indulged for me a frenzied love, should he offer me all the crowns of earth, I would return him only my respectful gratitude for all his kindness towards me, while in this house. This, Madame, is the truth—the whole truth, without restriction, without the reservation of a thought. You may believe me, and I could not furnish you a better proof of my respect than in justifying myself with regard to him. To any one besides yourself, I would not even have responded. I despise calumniating accusations, and do not take the trouble to refute them."

"Well," said the marchioness, half-convinced, "you could at least tell me where you were."

"That is my secret, Madame; it concerns me only. I neither can nor wish to reveal it; and I dare rely sufficiently on your impartiality to hope that I may not be required to answer the other question."

"We shall have to separate, Miss," spoke Beatrix; "the governess of my daughter must be willing and able to answer all my questions, and give an exact account of herself."

"We shall separate, Madame," replied Christine, coldly; "you are mistress."

"Very well, Miss," added Beatrix, rising and wrapping herself in her mantle; "I'll speak to-morrow to M. de Monza, and we shall arrange everything for your departure."

"At your orders, Madame la Marquise."

And making a profound bow, she accompanied Madame de Monza ceremoniously, a light in hand, to the door of her apartment, and again bowing, returned hastily back to her own room. Alone at last, she fell on her knees, and joining her hands, cried:

"Expelled! my God! expelled! because I have been honest. Oh! where, then, is the distinction between good and evil! Where is your justice? Where are the rewards and the punishments? Expelled! I—expelled!"

And that singular being, whom another position would have made so remarkable a woman, passed the remainder of the night in prayer, taking God for a confidant and friend, in default of humanity, who did not do her justice.

During that night, of which the results were to be so terrible, the marquis did not retire either. He recalled twenty times the conversation he had with Christine, and every word of it, which was indelibly engraved upon his memory. He saw again before him that beautiful woman, whose presence might almost inspire life in a marble statue; he saw her, not as before—cold, innocent, unassailable, wrapped in her chastity as in a shroud, under which were buried her charms and her youth; he saw her loving, betrayed; and that image, hidden in the recess of his heart, without his realizing it, tore its vails and took possession of his whole soul. Guided by hope, it drew from it all that was not itself—the image. In one single night that love became the unique idea of Amédie, the only aim of his existence. To win Christine, to be loved by her, to induce her to forget that man, the very remembrance of whom alone made his blood boil in his veins, became the sole motive of his happiness and ambition.

When sudden love takes possession of a weak nature, it becomes a pitiless tyrant. It is an incurable leprosy; the more suffering it occasions, the more incurable it remains.

The first idea of the young man was to rid Christine of her persecutor.

"A few lines will be sufficient for this purpose," thought he; "in knowing me to be well-informed, he will not dare to resist my request; he fears me. With one word I can ruin him!"

He seized his pen and wrote:

"I do not understand how you have dared to approach the borders of France; still less do I conceive how you respect so little my house as to pursue a person that resides therein, and threaten her as you have. I can learn nothing from you; I know all, and must tell you that henceforth your pursuit and persecutions shall be powerless. My advice is to quit speedily a country where you run so many risks, and where you may be recognized at any moment! May God be with you, and grant that I never hear of you again."

He did not sign this note, quite certain it would be recognized by the writing; and as soon as daylight came, he carried it himself to the hotel named by Christine. The answer soon arrived:

"Hallo, my pretty Marquis! So that is the way we act! What! no more respect than you evince for so near a relative! What! you steal my wife from me, and wish me to leave the Baths! Allow me not to accept your conditions. I do not yield to you the beautiful Christine; no, by heavens, no! She has not her equal in the world. Moreover, I intend to pass the rest of this season at Baden. You perceive that our accounts do not meet. However, in exchange for those two little things which I cannot possibly grant you, let me give you two short lines of advice:

"First—Renounce Mademoiselle Orthez; she is too strong for you; she will crush you; you shall never arrive but at evil with that girl. I tell you so plainly, my dear fellow, and I am a good prophet.

"Second—Do not trouble yourself about my doings here, or this is what I will do. The first time that you appear in the saloon of conversation, the *Comte de Jousseliere* will approach and fling at you one of those insults that call for blood; and, without doubt, this will nevertheless be accepted from him, for the reparation would be far more disgraceful than the offence—is it not so? People will wonder at your taking it so easily; and I will narrate the reason to that crowd of visitors, that has forgotten my real name and my adventures, and before the extradition is procured, I shall have had time to escape.

"If, perchance, I should be accosted too unexpectedly, well! you know I care little for life; I should prepare myself to play my last act of the drama in the most satisfactory manner, and surround myself with my kind relations—you understand?

"We understand one another, I suppose, and I now leave you to your choice—Christine for me, or for us, for our noble house. You who are so severe, so attached to what is called honor, what do you say to this last alternative? Your affectionate cousin, ERNEST."

After having read that letter, the marquis struck his forehead.

"What shall I do, my God! what shall I do?" muttered he. "Oh! Christine must be mine!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MATRIMONIAL SCENE.

The marquis had but just received that letter when some one knocked at his door. Solely pre-occupied with Christine, and foolishly hoping she might have returned to learn the result of his negotiations, he opened panting, and found himself face to face with the marchioness—as moved and excited as himself.

"You here, Madame?" said he, with a striking accent of ill-humor.

"Yes, my friend," answered she, like a woman armed beforehand with a decided resolution to bear all in order to arrive at her end. "I wanted to see you about something very serious and immediate. I have thought I should find you sooner, and could speak to you longer, in your apartment than in my own. I am here. My visit neither interferes nor displeases you, I hope."

Amédie made one of those negative signs of politeness that resemble an affirmative. Madame de Monza, determined not to understand anything, took a chair and seated herself near the table. Her inquisitive eye had soon traversed the whole room.

"Ah!" said she, "you have been out early that your apartment is already in order?"

The bed was in exactly the same state as on the previous eve, since M. de [illegible] had not retired; and his wax candles, burned to the ends, indicated a late sitting up.

"Yes," answered Amédie, abruptly, "I went out very early; but what have you to tell me, Beatrix? I am not dressed yet, and the bell will soon ring for breakfast."

"We shall not go, my friend; I am not ready either. I do not see that Robert is better prepared than we; he was walking shortly since in the garden with Mademoiselle Orthez."

"Robert in the garden, at this hour, with Mademoiselle Orthez!" replied M. de Monza, turning pale; "that is exceedingly improper; and you did not call them in?"

Nothing escaped Beatrix. She replied, however, in the most simple and tranquil manner:

"I did not trouble myself about it. The actions of Mademoiselle Orthez are now of too little importance for my attention; she is going to leave my house soon."

"Has she asked you for her discharge?" quickly interrupted the marquis.

"Mademoiselle is not of those that ask their discharge, but of those to whom it is given," pursued Beatrix, with a bitter smile.

It was a struggle of cruelty between two beings, recently so united, in which each studied to wound the other, and to enjoy afterwards, like those tyrants of paganism, the imposed torture. At this moment the marchioness had the upper hand.

"I do not understand you, my dear," responded the marquis, trying to compose himself.

"It is quite natural that you should not, my dear; you are ignorant of what occurred last night, and it is that precisely of which I have come to apprise you."

"What! what occurred?"

"After you had left me, tormented by my real or imaginary wrongs against that young woman, and especially led by the desire of being agreeable to you, I did not wish to sleep before repairing my fault, as I had promised you. I therefore ascended to my daughter's room, of which I found the door opened and a light burning on the mantel-piece; the child was asleep and no one watching her."

"What!" said the marquis, troubled beforehand at what he was going to hear.

"Yes, my dear; can you imagine that creature so stern, so faithful to her duty, instead of remaining near her pupil, running—God knows where, after midnight?"

"After midnight, Madame! It was not later?"

"I entered Mademoiselle Orthez's room a few minutes after midnight, Amédie, and I there awaited her return until three o'clock this morning."

M. de Monza felt all his blood rush to his heart; he had not seen Christine until half past one; where had she been till then!

"Oh!" thought he, "I shall know all; I shall not be sported with!"

And affecting the most indifferent tone:

"This is grave, indeed," said he; "but no doubt you interrogated the governess. She has most likely answered you, and given an account of her time; you have found her reasons insufficient?"

"She has given me no account of anything. She carried the air of a queen, a sainted one, and, on the contrary, interrogated me. I never saw such hardihood."

"And how did it end?"

"I expressed my resolve that she must leave my house this very day, as it should be, after such behavior. And to confess my thoughts plainly, I believe it is high time to have done so, and that Robert——"

"What! Robert?"

"You have paid no attention to it, but it is spoken of with good reasons. He knew her before we heard of her; and he then fell in love with her, as he has related it to me. Since she has been with us, he has been quite attentive to her; and, though cautious and cunning, he is not always master of his feelings, and I have frequently detected looks between them. Finally, I should not be surprised if he was a party to the great mystery of last night. That would be nothing strange, if they love one another; for both are young, handsome and free. I do not make it a crime; I only ask them to love each other elsewhere."

Every word pierced like a dart the soul of Amédie; he could find no reply, and in an instant a thousand ideas were confusing his mind.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "the ungrateful! I'll not oppose her discharge!"

Then he suddenly represented to himself Christine, alone and free, between Ernest and Robert; and during his thought he fastened his watch-chain, and determined not to see anything, since he could oppose nothing to their love, to those ties of which the idea only made him shudder.

"Oh! no," cried his jealousy, "she must remain here!"

Beatrix remained silent, tracing in his features impressions which she could not explain. She waited patiently—she, ever so impatient! It was because she thought herself certain of victory, and was savoring it drop by drop. Nothing as yet disturbed its joy.

"You have acted perfectly right, my dear Beatrix," at last resumed the marquis, "and I think exactly as you do. However, I believe, unless you think otherwise, that precipitation in this case would be prejudicial. Before depriving Flavie of a governess, such as Mademoiselle Orthez—before doing a thing so uncomplimentary to the recommendation of the Dowager Duchess of Alaguy, who has represented her as so superior, we should, it seems to me, be quite sure that our suspicions are well founded. Therefore, let us examine and weigh everything carefully in the first place. Perhaps this young woman is innocent; maybe she has simply some very honest secret, which we shall hereafter discover. We must strive not to be unjust."

In her turn, Beatrix was devouring her husband's words. In her turn, she was suffering nameless doubts and sorrows; for she could see reappearing that phantom, which had been for awhile driven away, but was now pursuing her anew.

"You say, sir?" stammered she.

"I say that we must be cautious, my dear; that the future of a woman without protection is not to be thus hazarded, without almost unequivocal proof that she is guilty. Think of it! It would be an eternal reproach, which nothing could ever blot out."

For a few seconds Beatrix had not been listening to her husband; her eyes, in which her whole soul was concentrated, had been fixed on a corner of the apartment where shone in the shade a long gold pin. She suddenly rushed like a tigress upon her prey, and, shaking it triumphantly in the face of the stupefied Marquis, she added, with a smile as cutting as a dagger:

"I may now expel that girl with a secure conscience, for I see here the hair-pin which I have myself given her, while the other still held one of her plaits when she returned to her room this night. I find it in your apartment; so that she has been here. Then I am authorized to expel her, or to leave the place myself."

Amédie listened to his wife without interrupting her, or making an effort to snatch from her hand this formidable proof. He was forming then a terrible and stern resolution, by which all the future of the poor Marchioness was to be crushed; a resolution no longer to struggle, but to tyrannize. That hitherto undecided character became, under the claw of passion, as inflexible as it was powerful.

"You are silent," continued Madame de Monza; "you are confounded. It is true that I am betrayed, and you do not even take the trouble to lie, in order to hide it from me. Oh! my God! my God! my misfortune is therefore complete; doubt is no longer allowed me——"

"You interpret my silence badly, Beatrix, and, as ever, you hasten too fast to condemn me. I hesitated to reveal to you a matter of the greatest importance; I hesitated to entrust with you what has been confided to me, under the seal of my honor; but, since it is impossible to convince you otherwise, you shall know of that secret what it is indispensable for you to know of it,—yes, Mademoiselle Orthez has been here this night."

"Ah! you own it!"

"I own it, because never was a more chaste or irreproachable visit paid to a confessor. Mademoiselle Orthez came here this night, her eyes swollen with tears, to implore my protection to save her from a serious danger that now threatens her; she came here an humble petitioner; she has related to me facts that I cannot repeat to you, and which have changed to admiration the esteem I already entertained for her. Mademoiselle Orthez is an honest and loyal woman, to whom I am proud and happy to have confided my daughter; she will make of Flavie, I trust, the woman I desire her to be. Mademoiselle Orthez shall remain near my daughter, because no one can be found to replace her, and, to be brief, because I will it."

Beatrix, as I observed in the opening chapter of this narrative, like all weak beings, like all imperfect natures, had at the same time in her disposition great cowardice and a propensity to rant. She controlled those who did not frighten her, but she yielded quietly in the presence of a decided will or a serious obstacle. Thus, in her infancy, her mother was her slave, while the President de Saint Sevre and Ernest made her obey by a word or gesture. When she saw her husband so decided to resist, she feared and struggled within herself, neither convinced nor conquered, but *mated*, to use a vulgar, though energetic expression. She felt that the fight would no longer be with equal weapons; that she should no longer be victorious before a new and vigorous sentiment—she, who brought for a shield naught but a love and a courage exhausted by grief and blemished by tears. She felt rather than accounted for it; reflection and wisdom become useless under similar circumstances: the eternal light of the heart, that master of masters, was the only guide to follow.

Surely, if Madame de Monza had said to herself:

"My husband loves that woman; I am forgotten, I am betrayed, I feel certain that he loves her in a way that would lead him to sacrifice me a thousand times for her,"—surely, then she would have died on the spot; but she did not own it to herself, nor did she wish to own it. She spared herself as one spares a friend, from whom he conceals the truth of what would be insupportable. She thrust aside exigencies and rash advices, and imposed upon herself cunningness as the only means of ultimately maintaining her cause.

"You *will* keep Mademoiselle Orthez, sir," said she, "since you have powerful reasons therefor—reasons of which I am ignorant, and which you are not at liberty to reveal. I do not deny their being so, since I am not aware of their nature. You are the master, Amédie, and have the power to retain in your house a person whom I dislike. I must submit to your will, and rest assured I shall never complain."

This was the result. The sacrifice was accomplished; but the price of a sacrifice is almost always lost by only half performing it. She added:

"Place near your daughter, near *our* daughter a woman against whom my heart and ideas revolt; put her at the head of the house—I do not oppose it,—but, on the other hand, expect nothing from me. I shall be like a stranger here, and shall trouble myself neither about you, nor her, nor Flavie; I shall wrap myself in my own solitude, amidst my tears, and you will do whatever you please—I shall not interfere."

These words, interrupted by sobs, cost the unfortunate woman such an effort that she seemed almost ready to die. The marquis remained unmoved thereby; a man that loves no longer cannot be moved by prayers, much less by tears. The only way to affect again the epidermis of his remembrance is to brave him—to show oneself stronger and more forgetful than he; he has but one weak side, self-love. Almost all forsaken women misunderstand that truth. Like the widows of India, they light up funeral piles, upon which they immolate themselves, in memory of him who exists no longer for them. The frankincense of regrets which they burn before him flatters his pride and makes him more ferocious still, until the most sublime effort of his generosity is to pity them. Pity is often the last utterance of ingratitude.

The marquis thought himself very fortunate in the concessions made to him by Beatrix, without troubling himself to observe whether they were agreeable, or whether they compromised his dignity, or more particularly that of his wife; he accepted. Judging everything through the prism of his passion, he saw in that deceptive mirage a life of voluptuousness, into which the marchioness entered only by propriety, and in which the rest of his interior life remained veiled from the world, visible only to himself. Conquerors trouble themselves little concerning the price of a victory, provided it is won.

"Be it so, Madame," at length replied the Marquis. "If you had long ago arrived at that conclusion, there would have been a great deal less of unhappiness in your household."

"Well!" resumed the unfortunate wife, choked with grief. "What! you really wish it; you are willing to make the mother of Flavie a stranger, a sort of pariah? You wish to condemn her who bears your name, whom you have loved so much—for you *did* love me, sir! you wish to condemn me to bow my head before an unknown woman, before my inferior! You wish me to abdicate my rights as a wife and mother! Oh! no, no! kill me! kill me rather! do not humiliate and crush me under foot! do not make me an object of contempt for your valets, for your mistress, for my daughter perhaps! I tell you, kill me, and spare a wretched existence!"

The passion of a weak soul is of such a nature that it first commands, and then humbles itself. Passion is one of the greatest weaknesses of the world, when it is not the greatest strength. It may exalt to the universe, or reduce us to the most abject state. It always suggests the parable of the grain of corn falling on ground more or less fertile.

"My God! my dear," answered Amédie, impatient to terminate this scene, "you view everything in a tragical aspect. Who speaks to you of killing anybody? Who talks of contempt and humiliation? I offer you, on the contrary, a future to your own taste. You will find every one disposed to be agreeable to you, henceforth you shall neither be perplexed with troubles nor anxieties; you can give yourself up entirely to the society you worship; you will behold your daughter reared under your own eyes, and will gather the fruits of her education without feeling its thorns; you will have in me an attentive and affectionate husband, yielding in everything, for I know that you could neither do nor wish for anything that is not honorable; you will have, above all, a zealous friend, disposed to furnish you proof of a boundless attachment. Where can you find a more certain or a brighter future? Believe me, my dear Beatrix, you should see life as it is. Shut the novel of youth. We have passed fourteen, nearly fifteen years of married life; it is now time to arrive at positive ideas, and not to strew our path with stones—we have had enough of them from others. Come! kiss me, give me your hand, dry your tears, forget your foibles and rely on me for the direction and care of everything. Let yourself live in peace—and me also," added he, with a forced laugh. "Is that so very difficult?"

"Oh, Amédie, Amédie, you wish me to die! you wish me to die cursing my past and the tie that has united us. Well, be satisfied."

"Again, child? Not only will you not die, but you will go and arrange your toilet in the most elegant taste, and at two o'clock will be at the saloon of conversation, to attend the anticipated party. It is to-day that we are going to dine at Ebersteinburg, by the valley of la Mourg. All the best society will be there; you must go also."

"Will you come? Oh! I shall not have courage to show myself."

"I shall certainly join you there; I would not increase your uneasiness. Robert will accompany you, and I give my word that I shall be at the valley before you."

"But why not at the same time?"

"You will not be angry, Beatrix? It is agreed that you forgive everything to-day. I have promised to ride with the Duchess of Alaguy; she will await me, according to our arrangements, and we shall repair together to the rendezvous."

"My God! my God!" muttered the marchioness, rising; "am I unhappy enough!"

"You, my dear!" replied the marquis. "Yes, you are unfortunate in temper, it is true. But be gay, laugh! who has greater chance of happiness than you?"

Who ever saw a man killing a woman of sorrow, that did not recommend her to gaiety? Sadness gives them remorse, and men will not accept dumb reproaches.

Beatrix wished to obey, and therefore condemned herself to a beautiful dress of Indian muslin, lined with blue taffeta and trimmed with lace, with bonnet and mantle alike. She submitted with a smile to brilliant and coquettish conversation. She cruelly condemned her heart to suppress its sorrows. She was endeavoring to be submissive, and to surrender herself to passive and absolute devotedness.

"If I do not die from it," repeated she to herself, "I shall perhaps move him."

The marquis saw her enter the carriage with Robert, and followed them with his eyes until they had disappeared. Then turning to his valet:

"Go," said he to him, "and beg Mademoiselle to be so kind as to come and consult with me in my study. Be quick!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

KNOW, that if you have a friend, you ought to visit him often. The road is grown over with grass, the bushes quickly spread over it, if it be constantly traveled.

UNDYING LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I love thee, dearest, yet I feel
  My love is cast away;
I dream of thee throughout the night
  And hopeless am by day;
I love thee with a love untold,
  In good report or ill.
And even if I love in vain,
  Dear one, I'll love thee still.

I love thee fondly, and my love
  Shall last as long as life;
Although its bark may shipwrecked be
  Upon the sea of strife;
And should I know my hopeless tears
  Would sorrow's chalice fill,
I'd drink the dregs, and midst my pain,
  Repeat—I love thee still.

A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS PRIVATE JOURNAL.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

So then the problem is solved, and I am after all a hero! I am glad to know it, for it gives me confidence in myself that I did not before possess. I had long doubted whether that identity known to its fellows as Edgar Brandon, was a brave man or a coward, and now the doubt is removed, the matter is clear, the fact is established, numbers have witnessed it, and the general has made it public.

Well, now that I am a hero, have been congratulated by my comrades and strangers, been acknowledged as such by my government, and am lying here in the hospital with a broken arm, two broken ribs, a bruised head, a serious stab, and sundry minor ailments, with plenty of time to think and reflect, let me recall the details and see what claim I have to the honorable distinction.

A private in a battalion of cavalry, flanking the right of a column of infantry, and quietly watching the dense bodies of the enemy, as they steadily moved up into position for opening the terrible conflict, their bright arms glittering and flashing in the unclouded rays of a clear, morning sun, I had not the responsibility of command to distract my thoughts from the consideration of personal danger, and I remember calculating the chances of my being one of the first victims when the black-mouthed batteries of the foe should belch forth their messengers of death. Though I sat firm and still, I felt very ill at ease, and looking round upon my comrades, I saw many a pale face and quivering lip, which convinced me their thoughts and feelings were similar to mine. Why could we not advance? Why must we remain there, like so many statues, and let the iron hail strike us with all our cold, shuddering reflections upon us. Oh, for action, action of some kind, to ward off the thoughts that were secretly making us tremble like cowards? Were we cowards? Should we break and run at the first sight of blood? There was no telling, for we were as yet untried soldiers, and scarcely a man among us had the right to say that he would stand fire. How was it with veterans? Did they ever feel as we felt while waiting for a battle to begin?

The suspense was awful, and every minute made it worse. Why did not one side or the other fire, and break the paralyzing dread? But no—marching, marching—moving here, there and yonder—all except our column, which had got into position too soon, and must now wait *idly* for the dread messengers of destruction, *like so* many *sheep* in the butcher's pen.

Gradually the whole field began to settle down into a death-like quiet, and at last the two armies stood passively before each other, face to face, watching each other in that ominous silence which precedes the bursting of the tempest. And then I would have given half of my life, whatever that might be, to have been safe at home. So much for that courage which men now applaud, and which is said to have won me such honorable distinction.

From my position on elevated ground, I could see the head-quarters of the opposing army, with mounted officers prancing and curvetting around a centre, which I knew to be the commander-in-chief, the single human being who was to direct that host amid the roar and rush and carnage so soon to be. Ah! cool should be the brain and great the skill of him who is the thinking principle of such a mighty mass! whose will may be the fate of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, perhaps of a nation itself!

There was now a deep and awful silence of perhaps a minute, as if each commander dreaded to be the first to open the work of death, and then there was a single flash, a single roll of smoke, a single heavy boom, and the signal of deadly strife had been given from the cannon's mouth. Then came the united roar of more than twenty batteries, all along the lines, to which our batteries gave the answering roar, and in an instant the missiles of death had passed from foe to foe, and the terrific battle had begun.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, with the ground fairly trembling under the roar of cannon, and still there was nothing for me to do but sit my horse, look down upon a cloud of smoke, listen to the sounds of strife, and calculate the chances of being suddenly hurled into eternity with every breath I drew. At first the balls went wide of the position I occupied, and men fell at a distance; but gradually the strife grew nearer and more near, till at length the balls began to sing around us, and the heavy smoke rolled up to envelop us in its sulphurous folds. Now the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts, shrieks and groans of the combatants, made a horrid din in the ears of one who, with nothing to do, wished himself a thousand miles from that perilous place. Why were we kept idle, to be shot at like so many dumb targets? Occasionally, as the smoke lifted, I could see cavalry charging, and infantry advancing and firing, and I envied those who, while doomed to face the danger, had some action for the body as well as the mind. If we must remain in that horrible locality, (and I confess I thought seriously of the chances of running away,) in the name of Heaven, let us have action of some kind!

"Well, Palmer, what do you think of this?" I said, turning to the man on my left.

His lips opened for a reply, but none ever came. A cannon ball passed through his breast, and he fell over against me, his life-blood staining my garments. I uttered an involuntary cry of horror, and clung to my saddle, with everything swimming around me.

While thus I sat, sick, faint and dizzy, I have a dim recollection of seeing an officer dash up to the commander of our troop, and a dim consciousness that he said something in a loud, hurried tone. Then I remember hearing the words:

"We must take yonder battery!—let every man do his duty! Forward! charge!"

The bugle sounded, and somehow I found my horse in motion, with my comrades riding beside me. On we went, faster and faster, through smoke and flame, amid a confused roar of fire-arms and human voices, till down went my horse, pitching me clean over his head and into the arms of a man, who grappled me by the throat, and, springing back, struck at me with a sabre. Instinctively I parried the blow, and then somehow getting the impression that if I did not kill him he would me, I cut him down. Then there was a rush and whirl around me that I did not undersand, and somebody else seemed trying to take my life. Of course it was my duty to defend myself as well as I could, and I remember striking out with my sabre right and left, though with what effect I really do not know.

However, in something like a minute or so, I found myself standing all alone, just in front of a large cannon, with several persons fighting near me, some mounted and some on foot. One of the mounted men looked like my captain; and with a vague idea that I ought to assist him, I was moving toward him, when a sudden blow on the head sent me reeling against the cannon, and I fell down under it.

Though partially stunned, I was not deprived of my senses, and I might easily have got up and continued the fight; but it occurred to me that I was safer where I was—that I had had a rather Providential escape—and so I concluded to lie there for awhile, more especially as I believed I could meet any malicious charge of cowardice with the bold assertion that my wound had for the time deprived me of consciousness.

In a minute or two the gun was surrounded by my comrades, and then nine hearty cheers rent the air.

"Bravely done, my gallant fellows!" said the voice of our commander; "the battery is ours; but, alas! with the loss of some of the noblest spirits that ever went into battle. Let them be taken up and carried back—some of them may yet be saved. Poor Brandon! I shall never forget him. The first upon the enemy, he fought with a valor seldom equalled. With his horse shot from under him, he engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, and slew three desperate fellows before he was overpowered. Ah! my heart swells with pride at the thought that I command such men!—let the memory of the dead be honored."

Good heavens! was he in earnest or in jest? I anxiously listened for the laugh, but none came. Could it be possible that he had mistaken *me* for a hero? *me!* who had blundered through all I had done, and got out of the way at the earliest possible moment. No, no—already I was doubtless the butt of my captain and comrades!

"Ah! here he is! here is Brandon!" exclaimed two or three voices; and immediately a dozen hands assisted me out from under the cannon, and congratulations poured in upon me till I was more completely bewildered than while I was unconsciously acting the part of a daring hero.

Such then was my first glorious exploit, with the exact amount of credit that ought to attach to it, but which I think I will keep to myself, notwithstanding I have recorded it in my journal. What business has the critical public with motives? Facts have made me a hero in spite of myself, and let the facts stand as others have recorded them.

In a few minutes another order called my corps away to another charge; but I, not being mounted, could not accompany them. So I started off afoot toward that part of the field whither I perceived some men carrying the wounded. Before I got half way there, one of the enemy's horses came prancing down toward me, and with a sudden spring I caught it. Having mounted, I was riding away as fast as I could, when a body of cavalry came thundering along, with the bugler sounding a charge. I would have given these foemen a wide berth, but unfortunately my confounded fool of a horse would not let me. Taking the bit in his teeth, he rushed directly in among them; and I, being a good deal excited and confused, thought I was now obliged to fight, whether I would or not. Had it occurred to me that I could surrender myself a prisoner of war, I should unquestionably have done so at once; but instead of this, I began to lay about me, right and left, with no particular design in view, except it might be to get away as quick as I could. Surely they must have thought me either a madman or a fool, to contend single-handed against such odds, and they treated me accordingly. Sabres flashed, blows fell, and soon, with a broken arm and a broken head, I dropped from my horse, to have the little sense I possessed trampled out of me on the ground.

Now, seriously, this is all I personally know of a battle in which it is said I distinguished, if not immortalized, myself by prodigies of valor; for the next I remember is of finding myself among the wounded, under the care of our surgeon, who informed me that the enemy had been defeated, and we had won a great victory. He further said that my name was in everybody's mouth, from the General down; and though a few of the more prudent were disposed to censure my rashness, yet all concurred in pronouncing me a hero worthy of the palmiest days of Sparta.

Though excessively pale from the loss of blood, I know that some must have found its way to my cheeks as I humbly confessed that my last Quixotic charge was all the work of an unmanageable horse; but to my surprise the doctor affected not to believe me, and declared that true merit was always modest. After that I told others the same truthful story, with the same result; but now I do not repeat it any more—finding it a very pleasant thing to be a distinguished hero with a somewhat lucrative promotion as my reward.

The only thing that troubles me now, aside from my honorable wounds and bruises, is the mental query, whether, in case I should ever venture into battle again, I should so happily blunder through the second as the first, and ever find another vicious, headstrong beast to bear me on to glory in spite of myself.

AN EVERY DAY TRAGEDY.

The stormy December night was closing darkly over the city, and the rapidly descending snow seemed to fill the air with a wilderness of whirling white plumes.

But Mrs. Trevor's boudoir, with its luxurious appointments and cheerful fire, seemed almost like a bit of summer light and warmth in the midst of this dreary December twilight.

Ellen Hope, the pale young seamstress, had just folded up the costly satin dress on which she had been working all day, and was putting on her faded brown bonnet to depart, when Mrs. Trevor herself swept in.

"What! going already, child? Be sure and come early to-morrow morning, for I am in a great hurry about that dress."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen, still lingering, however, as if she expected something more. But Mrs. Trevor went on tossing over the trifles on the centre-table, as if in eager search for some missing toy, and after a minute's hesitation, she added:

"If you please, ma'am, I am in a great hurry this evening—would it be convenient for you to pay me for the day's work now?"

"Not to-night, child!" said Mrs. Trevor, turning sharply round; "you act as though you imagined I was going to cheat you out of your wages! Perhaps I may give it to you to-morrow, but don't annoy me now!"

An expression of keen disappointment came over the girl's face, but she turned away and left the room without a word, while Mrs. Trevor continued her hurried search, throwing the gleaming jewels and costly alabaster ornaments hither and thither with reckless haste.

Apparently the investigation was vain, for at length she sprang hurriedly towards the door, as if to call back Ellen, and then, remembering that the girl had been gone some time, she stopped, and stood two or three minutes in deep thought.

Mr. Trevor was sitting before the drawing-room fire, a red silk handkerchief thrown over his bald head, and his slippered feet poised on the fender, in blissful enjoyment of the evening paper. On the inlaid table beside him stood a cut-glass decanter containing dark red wine, and in one hand he held a tiny engraved goblet, half full of the same rosy liquid. In short, Mr. Trevor was taking solid comfort after the "fitful fever" of a day in Wall street.

"Well, my dear," said the gentleman, lazily, as his better half's footstep crossed the threshold, but as he glanced up and caught the peculiar expression of her countenance, he set down the unfinished draught, exclaiming:

"Good heavens! Sarah, what is the matter?"

"My diamond ring, Charles—the solitaire diamond, you know——"

"What of it?"

"It is gone—stolen—and I have too much reason to think that Ellen Hope has taken it."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Trevor, who had risen and begun to pace up and down the room. "I would as soon suspect yourself of such a thing! Why, Ellen is innocence and purity itself!"

"So *I* always thought—so I should have said," answered Mrs. Trevor; "but the diamond ring lay on the table in my boudoir this morning; two of the servants saw it there also—and now it is gone.—Ellen is the only person besides myself who has entered the rooms since, and I observed that she was unusually perturbed when she went away. Charles, I am *sure* that she has taken it!"

Trevor walked up and down the apartment with hurried, angry footsteps—his wife leaned against the mantel, patting her tiny satin slipper on the floor, and awaiting his final decision.

"I am sorry for Ellen—very sorry," he said at length, with a fevered flush on his bald forehead; "but that ring was worth a thousand dollars. Search the premises thoroughly, once more—and if the trinket is not found——"

"Well?"

"I will notify the police at once!"

* * * * * * * *

"A *thief*, Mrs. Trevor? am *I* suspected of stealing!"

Ellen Hope had turned as white as ashes, as she stood with clasped hands and dilated eyes in the narrow little room where she dwelt. It was small, but very, very neat, with its tiny white bed and the muslin curtain looped away from its one casement.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Trevor, turning to the police-officers, "proceed with your search, and in case it is fruitless, let the law take its course. Come, Charles."

She took her husband's arm and glided calmly from the room, heedless of the wild burst of sobs that broke from the wounded depths of the young girl's heart.

"Sarah, I don't really think she took the bauble," said Mr. Trevor, pausing uneasily on the stairs.

"Nonsense—was it spirited away? Are you willing to lose a thousand dollars rather than detect the thief?"

"Well, Sarah," said the husband, passing onward, "if it ever should transpire that we have been mistaken, I shall feel as if we had done a cruel and [illegible] thing this day!"

* * * * *

"Good God, Sarah," exclaimed Mr. Trevor, one morning as he was glancing over the newspaper at the breakfast-table, "it is incredible!"

"What is the matter?"

"Poor Ellen Hope has committed suicide—poisoned herself last night!"

Mrs. Trevor was more shocked than she liked to own—she turned very pale.

"Poisoned herself?"

"Yes—the paragraph goes on to state that 'she was driven to the act by starvation and misery, never having been able to obtain employment since she figured as the defendant in a certain disgraceful trial for theft, about two months ago.' Poor child! poor child! Sarah, I never shall forgive myself for the part I took in that affair."

"If I had supposed she was in such destitution, I would have sent her some relief," said Mrs Trevor, thoughtfully. "I am very sorry, though there can be no doubt but that she stole the ring, although it couldn't be proved."

Mr. Trevor went to look at the wasted corpse of Ellen Hope, as it lay stretched on the little white bed in the narrow room. The pale, pretty girl had always been rather a favorite with the kindhearted, childless old man, and there was a nameless *pang* at his heart as he stood there, looking down on the marble forehead and waxen eyelids of the young suicide. And when he went away, the attendants marveled to find a spray of cream-white roses, just blossoming into fragrance laid in the lily hands that were crossed so meekly on the girlish breast!

A mild afternoon in April—the sky blue, and flecked with soft islets of floating cloud, and Mrs. Trevor's flowers exhaling a perfect sea of sweets around her! The door opened—it was her maid with a message and a little parcel.

"If you please, ma'am, a gentleman just returned from China left this, from Mr. Neville, he says."

Hubert Neville was Mrs. Trevor's favorite nephew—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, full of fun and life, who had started for China on some official appointment, the very day—how well she remembered the date!—that suspicion first overclouded poor Ellen Hope's life!

She threw aside the unopened packet, and eagerly broke the seal of the letter.

> "My dearest aunt," it ran, "pray don't blame me any more than I deserve for what, after all, was a mere act of Neville carelessness; and I have been uneasy about it ever since. You remember the day I came to bid you good-bye, your showing me a diamond solitaire ring, and my laughingly comparing it to one of much less value, which I myself wore? Think of my being thoughtless enough to wear *both* the rings away on my finger, and never discovering my mistake until fifty miles of blue sea rolled between me and home! I know you must be very anxious, so I send the diamond to you by a very good friend of mine, who is on a 'homeward bound' craft which passes our ship this morning. *Moral*—Don't trust valuable jewels in the irreverent paws of a careless young scape-grace again! Love to my uncle—will write again soon! Your affectionate nephew, HUBERT."

Mrs. Trevor threw down the letter, and tore open the package with fingers that trembled so violently that she could hardly unfasten the securing seals. There it lay, trembling in the light like a great drop of golden water—the diamond ring which had been the death warrant of poor Ellen Hope!

With a piercing scream, she fell back insensible on the sofa—but it was all too late for the young victim, who had passed far beyond the reach of earthly restitution or amends, into the land where God is eternally just!

THERE is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WELLINGTON is in love with a pretty girl, but unfortunately has to contend with rivals better off and more handsome than himself. With such odds against him, shall he quit the pursuit, or persist in his pretensions? Do the latter, most decidedly, for what has true love to do with mere wordly advantages and personal attractions? Women certainly like manly beauty, but they do not exactly dote upon men whose admiration is diluted with personal vanity. A plain man, if he is decided and prompt, and, above all, bold and ardent in his wooing, is a dangerous rival to even an Adonis in appearance, should the latter happen to have too high an opinion of himself. Nature dispenses her gifts with an equal hand, and if "Wellington" cannot captivate by his looks, he may surely attempt to fascinate by his manners and mental capabilities. The celebrated Wilkes was the ugliest man of his day, but he used to boast that when at a party, although first impressions were against him, in one hour he could distance the handsomest men in the room, and monopolize the attention of every lady present. We have seen the same thing often, and know that several of the plainest of our acquaintance have got the best and prettiest of wives. Desdemona saw not the swarthy skin of the Moor when she surrendered to him her heart, and why may not "Wellington's" red hair meet with similar good fortune? We advise him to be brisk and lively, and not allow his diffidence to be a stumbling-block to his virtuous and laudable desire.

LAURA.—The love which you describe we regard as morbid and pernicious. We do not believe it is the order of nature that one human being should be so merged in another. Take, for example, any of the popular descriptions of love. Miss Landon's is one of the best:

"It is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee; to feel the world,
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world,
A blank without thee. Never more to me
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming.
Now
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee.
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute—
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;
My flowers I only gather them for two.
The book drops listless down. I cannot read
Unless it be to thee; my lonely hours
Are spent in shaping forth our future lives,
After my own romantic fantasies."

This is about what you would have said if you had written in poetry. It seems to us a very exaggerated statement of the case of a lovelorn damsel, and to describe a kind of love that does not stand the wear and tear of life. If L. E. L. had written of love after having loved, she would doubtless have chosen a different strain.

JONES, JUN.—Under Gen. Washington, the annual expenses of the government of the United States averaged two millions and a half. Under John Adams, who left the presidency in 1800, the average rose to five millions. Jefferson's last year, 1809, brought up the expenditures to six millions and a half. During the war of 1812, the expenses rose to thirty millions a year, most of which had to be raised by loan. During the presidency of Monroe, the expenditures, exclusive of payments of the public debts, fell to a little less than ten millions. In Jackson's last year, 1836, the expenses were twenty millions. From that time the increase was extremely rapid, until in 1860 the expenditures had reached the sum of eighty millions. We presume the expenses of the government will never again be less than one hundred and fifty millions a year, which is just three sevenths of the annual expenditures of the British government.

OTHELLO is cursed with a drunken wife, who neglects his children and home, and plunges him into debt. What shall he do, put her away, or once more try to reform her? The latter, of course, and be gentle in your operations. Try the following as a starting experiment. A physician in this city, in attempting to break the habit in a patient, exacted a promise that the latter would every day drop as much sealing-wax into his glass as would receive the impression of his seal. He did so, and as the wax accumulated the capacity of the glass diminished, and, consequently, the quantity of whiskey it was capable of containing. By this plan he was cured of his bad habit altogether. If this should fail, we should advise either temporary confinement or a three months' divorce from bed and board.

J. F. E.—Get married as speedily as possible, and with multiplied duties and responsibilities your extreme susceptibility would soon vanish. Men who can drop tears upon the most trivial occasions are not very great favorites with the ladies, nor, we confess, with ourselves, for we fancy there is something ludicrous in a strong, hearty fellow exhibiting the emotion of an unsophisticated girl, upon reading a moving story or pondering over an affecting incident embellished by the master-hand of the poet. Such men expose themselves to the charge of expending their sympathies on fictitious woes, and we fear the majority of them are well able to look coldly upon real suffering.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—You say that you are engaged to a young man, but that you and he are continually mistrusting one another, as people tell him that you are a flirt, and tell you that he is deceiving you. Where you find people ready to make mischief between lovers or married people, you had better not have anything to do with them, especially if you have not firmness enough to make up your mind and adhere to it. If you allow *any body* to interfere in these matters in such a manner, you may as well give up all idea of happiness or peace.

SUSAN.—The information would occupy too much of our space, and we must refer you to the second volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It cannot be too condescending for a lady to offer a gentleman part of her hymn book, but as it is a dangerous experiment for both parties, the seldomer it is repeated the better. Gentlemen are in the habit of going to places of worship without prayer or hymn books, for the purpose of obtaining introductions to ladies.

N. O.—The bunion, or swelling of the ball of the great toe, is produced by the same cause as the corn—pressure and irritation by friction. The treatment recommended for corns will succeed in cases of bunions, but in consequence of the greater extension of the disease, the cure of course is more tedious. When a bunion is commencing, it may be effectually stopped by poulticing, and then opening with a lancet; but this requires caution, and should be performed with care.

A. A. W.—Should a young lady who keeps company with one young man, at the same time accept presents from, and go to places of amusement with others. If by "keeping company" you mean an engagement of marriage, we should say it was *not* proper, otherwise the lady is quite free to go with any other gentlemen, if she chooses; as to her accepting presents from them, we have before signified our disapprobation of that practice among young ladies.

A. B. C.—An innocent person accused of crime should direct all his attention to refuting and disproving the accusation. Never mind revenging the injury. Disproving the charge both clears your own character and convicts your accuser of calumny. If this is the correct course for a man, how much more proper is it for a young lady! What worse punishment could be inflicted upon a man than to prove him the calumniator of an innocent girl?

WICKWISE.—No complete translation of the works of Voltaire has ever been published. The best French edition is in eighty volumes, and can often be bought for little more than a dollar a volume. His works consist of plays, poems, tales, memoirs, histories, letters and essays. He attempted all kinds of composition, but was only great in one, the satirical essay. You can spend a hundred dollars a great deal more wisely than in buying the works of Voltaire.

VOLUNTEER.—The pay of prisoners of war continues during the time of their imprisonment. In former times each belligerent, on the return of peace, paid the other the cost of subsisting its prisoners. In 1767, France paid England about two millions sterling for the support of French prisoners captured during the Seven Years' War. Whether this custom still prevails we cannot say. It seems a fair enough arrangement.

MENTOR.—The most ancient of all the instruments of gambling, we think, must be dice, which were known to the Greeks twelve hundred years before Christ. Billiards, as now played, are most certainly of recent invention, but it is probable the game is only an improvement upon some older pastime. The moderns have improved many things, but originated few.

FERNANDOS.—The majority of the legal profession are respectable and honorable men, and if those who maudlingly complain of their high charges were only a little more straightforward in their dealings, there would be no necessity for their placing themselves in a position to afford any member of the legal fraternity an opportunity of fleecing them.

HELEN.—Your Arthur is one of those miserable apologies for a man, termed a male coquette. He has no more real affection for you than a parrot would have, and the sooner you clip his wings the better. You cannot ridicule him too much, or tease him with your satire too often.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We are of opinion that no man wht is unable to marry for a long time to come, has any righo to keep off other lovers from a lady, by being particularly attentive to her alone.

APPRENTICE.—This young gentleman, who is an apprentice in a machine shop, found in a drawer of the shop an obscene book, which he immediately threw into the furnace. No one dared to inquire for the missing article. Its destroyer, however, made no secret of what he had done, and a question arose among his fellow-apprentices whether he had done right in making away with an article which was not his own. He asks our opinion, which we give with a great deal of pleasure. We think he did perfectly right in destroying the book. If he were crossing a field, and came upon a rattlesnake, would he hesitate to kill it because being on another man's farm the snake could not be said to be his *property?* There is no property in rattlesnakes. Every man is bound to kill them whenever and wherever he finds them. So of obscene books, whose poison may kill the soul as well as the body. No man can justly, or even lawfully, claim them as property. They are to be destroyed by the first decent human being into whose hands they happen to fall. The law declares them to be nuisances, and gives anybody the right to destroy them. Our correspondent performed an act, the omission of which would have made him a sharer in the guilt of the atrocious dastards who live by concocting such pernicious stuff.

IRISHMAN.—Yes· General James Shields was born in Ireland. He emigrated to the United States about the year 1826, when he was a boy of sixteen years. Tyrone, we believe, is his native county. He began active life in 1832 as an Illinois lawyer, and, four years after was elected a member of the legislature of that state. In 1843, he was appointed a Judge of the Illinois Supreme Court. Soon after the beginning of the Mexican war, he received from President Polk a brigadier general's commission. He served with distinction through the war, and was breveted a major general. In 1849 he was elected a senator of the United States, and served one term. Some years since he removed to California, whence he has recently returned to take command of the Irish troops of the army. Gen. Shields is now about 52 years of age.

DRUGS.—You are a simpleton; proof, as follows: You say you are considered handsome, and are advised to marry; that the only girl you *can* marry is a very handsome school-girl who has never seen you. Shall you ask her to marry you, or give her up? We don't see how you can "give up" that which you have never had. It does not follow, handsome as you say you are, that the young lady would accept, if you offered. She might give you, Mr. "Drugs," a worse pill than any in your shop. Highly as you seem to value yourself, when you come to "offer yourself" to one lady after another, you will doubtless find yourself to be a "drug" in the matrimonial market.

CURIOSITY.—The silvering of the backs of mirrors is so delicate an operation that it is difficult to describe. First of all, a thin layer of quicksilver is poured upon a table. The glass is then carefully *pushed through it*, so as to lay upon the quicksilver without any intervening air; the object being to create between the quicksilver and the glass a perfect vacuum. A piece of flannel is next spread over the glass, and upon the flannel heavy weights are placed, which remain for twenty-four hours. Many other operations are necessary before the mirror is ready for sale, but these are the most important. It requires several weeks for all the processes.

NOTA BENE.—We have never wished to be understood to maintain that a father has a right to dispose of his daughter's hand. He has no such right. There is only one thing which can ever justify a woman in accepting a man as her husband, and that is, *love*. We have frequently said that when a father seriously objects to a lover of his daughter, and decidedly opposes her marriage with him, he is more *likely* to be right than wrong. But he is not always right. A good daughter will listen respectfully to his objections, and consider them well, but, after all, it is she, not he, that must decide.

LIZZIE.—We are convinced, from what you tell us, that you are a foolish, romantic girl. What you want and should have, is constant and active occupation to keep you from those absurd fancies, one of which, you have confided to us. The best way to cure yourself of it, is to make a full confession to your best friend, your mother. In that, we think, lies your only safety, the sooner you do it the better.

UNASSUMING.—You say that you have, according to the request of a gentleman who has gone abroad, written him a letter, and have received no answer. Shall you write again? We think not, though nothing is easier than for a letter travelling that distance to miscarry. Still you had better wait till you hear from him again, as *he also* may consider the possibility of this being the case, and therefore write.

W. C. H.—You say that business detained you from the company of your lady-love; and that since then she always pays great attention to other young men, when you and she are in company. We advise you to arrange your "business" in future so as to attend to her more carefully, or some other young man will take your place. Women are keen-sighted in these matters, and cannot be easily imposed upon.

W. H. J.—Since the resignation of his command by Lieutenant General Scott, the senior Major General is, under the President, commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Gen. McClellan is the senior Major General, i. e., his commission as major general is dated before that of any other in the service. The Major General whom many supposed to be entitled to the chief command was a major general only by brevet.

S.—We answer your question thus: 1. One decided *lie*, uttered by a girl to her lover, or by a lover to his girl, is sufficient to justify a breaking of the engagement between them. 2. No one is to be condemned unheard. Appearances are against her, but you are bound to give her an opportunity to explain. That must be a miserable marriage in which husband and wife cannot trust one another's word.

DYSON.—There is a lady whom you take to balls, who goes with you willingly, but when there refuses to dance with you, though she dances with other gentlemen; but is always "very sorry" coming home, though she keeps on doing it. We advise you in that case *not* to "keep on" inviting her. She is evidently only using you for her own amusement and convenience.

E. A. B.—You say you are a young widow, and have four suitors; and you wish us to tell you which to choose. If you really *love* any of them, you cannot help knowing it, and should of course choose *him*; if you do *not* love any of them, then it matters little which you choose, as the result would be about as degrading in one case as in another.

YOUNG ROCKE.—In reply to your question, we would answer, that it is a bad sign when lovers or married people have secrets from each other. This ought never to be. If you wish to keep any act of your current life secret from the lady you love, your love is not worth much. *Confidence* is the only foundation for happiness in such cases.

GROSVENOR.—Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, is not descended from the Tyngs of Boston, who were leading persons in that city as early as 1650. He comes of another Puritan family, who assumed the name of Tyng about a hundred years ago, upon inheriting a fine estate from James Tyng. So, at least, we are informed by one learned in genealogies.

VILLETTA.—Alfred Tennyson, we believe, has no occupation but that of poet. He enjoys an income of about $600 a year as poet-laureate, and inherited some property from his father, who was a clergyman of the church of England. Mr. Tennyson is now fifty-two years of age. A letter directed to Alfred Tennyson, Poet, Isle of Wight, will reach him, provided the postage be pre-paid.

EMMA.—The English poet Gray is the author of the much quoted line:

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

It occurs in his Ode on the Progress of Poesy:

"Hark! his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

JENNIE.—You say that your picture was stolen from your parlor by a gentleman, and now hangs in his sister's house. The gentleman who took it away neglected to notice your request to return it. Shall you ask the lady for it? No; *send* some gentleman friend and demand it.

WISKONSINA.—If you are disgusted, or displeased with the behavior of your gentlemen visitors, and wish to decline their attentions, it is certainly very easy for you *not* to see them when they call. A few such rebuffs would soon rid you of their company.

MOTHER.—Is cold bathing for children good in winter? Not for *all* children. Your family physician should know the constitution of your children, and be better able to advise you on the subject than ourselves.

PEN.—"Will you inform me," writes this correspondent, "how a gentleman should offer a lady his arm?" We know of no other way than by bowing his head and crooking his elbow.

SUE.—A gentleman who would take advantage of his office as your protector on an evening walk, to be insultingly familiar, should be immediately cut by you. Never allow yourself to be in his company again.

ARABELLA.—You (a young girl) do very wrong to encourage the attentions of any young man without your parents' knowledge. No man who advises you to this course, would make you a good husband.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*